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The scene now changes to a compendary review of the life and services of the Apostle of India, whose evangelic labors are no less eloquently portrayed.

[It was in the year 1506, that Francis Xavier, the youngest child of a numerous family, was born in the castle of his ancestors in the Pyrenees. Robust and active, of a gay humor and ardent spirit, the young mountaineer listened with a throbbing heart to the military legends of his house, and to the inward voice which spoke of days to come, when his illustrious lineage should derive new splendor from his own achievements. But the hearts of his parents yearned over the son of their old age ; and the enthusiasm which would have borne him to the pursuit of glory in the camp, was diverted by their counsels to the less hazardous contest for literary eminence at the University of Paris.—From the embrace of Aristotle and his commentators, he would, however, have been prematurely withdrawn by

the failure of his resources, (for the lords of Xavier were not wealthy), if a domestic prophetess (his elder sister) had not been inspired to reveal his marvellous career, and immortal recompense. For a child destined to have altars raised to his name throughout the Catholic Church, and masses chanted in his honor till time should be no longer, every sacrifice was wisely made ; and he was thus enabled to struggle on at the College of St. Barbara, till he had become qualified to earn his own maintenance as a public teacher of philosophy. His chair was crowded by the studious, and his society courted by the gay, the noble, and the rich. It was courted, also, by one who stood aloof from the thronging multitude ; among them, but not of them. Sordid in dress, but of lofty bearing, at once unimpassioned and intensely earnest, abstemious of speech, yet occasionally uttering, in deep and most melodious tones, words of strange significance, Ignatius Loyala was gradually working



over the mind of his young companion, a spell which no difference of taste, of habits, or of age, was of power to subdue. Potent as it was, the charm was long resisted. Hilarity was the native and indispensable element of Francis Xavier, and in his grave monitor he found an exhaustless topic of mirth and raillery. Armed with satire, which was not always playful, the light heart of youth contended, as best it might, against the solemn impressions which he could neither welcome nor avoid. Whether he partook of the frivolities in which he delighted, or in the disquisitions in which he excelled, or traced the windings of the Seine through the forest which then lined its banks, Ignatius was still at hand to discuss with him the charms of society, of learning, or of nature; but, whatever had been the theme, it was still closed by the same awful inquiry: "What shall it profit a man if he gain the whole world and lose his own soul?" The world which Xavier had sought to gain, was indeed already exhibiting to him its accustomed treachery. It had given him amusement and applause; but with his self-government had stolen from him his pupils and his emoluments. Ignatius recruited both. He became the eulogist of the genius and the eloquence of his friend, and, as he presented to him the scholars attracted by these panegyrics, would repeat them in the presence of the delighted teacher; and then, as his kindling eye attested the sense of conscious and acknowledged merit, would check the rising exultation by the ever-recurring question, "What shall it profit?" Improvidence squandered these new resources; but nothing could damp the zeal of Ignatius. There he was again, though himself the poorest of the poor, ministering to the wants of Xavier, from a purse filled by the alms he had solicited; but there again was also the same unvarying demand, urged in the same

rich though solemn cadence, "What shall it profit?" In the unrelaxing grasp of the strong man—at once forgiven and assisted, rebuked and beloved by his stern associate—Xavier gradually yielded to the fascination. He became, like his master, impassive, at least, in appearance, to all sublunary pains and pleasures; and having performed the initiatory rite of the Spiritual Exercises, excelled all his brethren of the Society of Jesus in the fervor of his devotion and the austerity of his self-discipline.

Whatever might have been his reward in another life, his name would have probably left no trace in this world's records, if John III. of Portugal, resolving to plant the Christian faith on the Indian territories, which had become subject to the dominion or influence of his crown, had not petitioned the Pope to select some fit leader in this peaceful crusade. On the advice of Ignatius, the choice of the holy father fell on Francis Xavier. A happier selection could not have been made, nor was a summons to toil, to suffering, and to death, ever so joyously received. In the visions of the night he had often groaned under the incumbent weight of a wild Indian, of ebony hue and gigantic stature, seated on his shoulders; and he had often traversed tempestuous seas, enduring shipwreck and famine, persecution and danger, in all their most ghastly forms; and, as each peril was encountered, his panting soul had invoked, in still greater abundance, the means of making such glorious sacrifices for the conversion of mankind. When the clearer sense and the approaching accomplishment of these dark intimations were disclosed to him, passionate sobs attested the rapture which his tongue could not speak. Light of heart, and joyful in discourse, he conducted his fellow pilgrims from Rome to Lisbon, across the Pyrenees. As he descended their southern slopes, there rose



to his sight the towers where he had enjoyed the sports of childhood, and woven the day-dreams of youth; where still lived the mother, who, for eighteen years, had daily watched and blessed him, and the saintly sister whose inspired voice had foretold his high vocation. It was all too high for the momentary intrusion of the holiest of merely human feelings. He was on his way with tidings of mercy to a fallen world, and he had not one hour to waste, nor one parting tear to bestow on those whom he best loved and most revered, and whom, in this life, he could never hope to meet again.

[We are not left to conjecture in what light his conduct was regarded. "I care little, most illustrious doctor, for the judgment of men, and least of all for their judgment who decide before they hear, and before they understand," was his half sportive, half indignant answer to the remonstrances of a grave and well beneficed kinsman, (a shrewd, thriving, hospitable, much respected man, no unlikely candidate for the mitre, and a candidate, too, in his own drowsy way, for amaranthine crowns and celestial blessedness), who very plausibly believed his nephew mad. But he was impelled by a force, at the first shock of which, the united common sense and respectability of mankind must needs fall to pieces—the force of will concentrated on one great end, and elevated above the misty regions of doubt, into that unclouded atmosphere where, attended by her handmaids, hope and courage, joy and fortitude, Faith converts the future into the present, and casts the brightest hues over objects the most repulsive to human sense, and the most painful to our feeble nature.

[As the vessel in which Xavier embarked for India, fell down the Tagus and shook out her reefs to the wind, many an eye was dimmed with unwonted tears; for she bore a regi-

ment of a thousand men to reinforce the garrison of Goa; nor could the bravest of that gallant host gaze on the receding land without foreboding that he might never see again those dark chestnut forests and rich orange groves, with the peaceful convents and the long loved homes reposing in their bosom. The countenance of Xavier alone beamed with delight.—He knew that he should never tread his native mountains more; but he was not an exile. He was to depend for food and raiment on the bounty of his fellow passengers; but no thought for the morrow troubled him. He was going to convert nations, of which he knew neither the language nor even the names; but he felt no misgivings. Worn by incessant seasickness, with the refuse food of the lowest seamen for his diet, and the cordage of the ship for his couch, he rendered to the diseased services too revolting to be described; and lived among the dying and the profligate the unwearied minister of consolation and of peace. In the midst of that floating throng, he knew how to create for himself a sacred solitude, and how to mix in all their pursuits in the free spirit of a man of the world, a gentleman, and a scholar. With the viceroy and his officers, he talked, as pleased them best, of war or trade, of politics or navigation; and to restrain the common soldiers from gambling, would invent for their amusement less dangerous pastimes, or even hold the stakes for which they played, that by his presence and his gay discourse, he might at least check the excesses which he could not prevent.

[Five weary months (weary to all but him) brought the ship to Mozambique, where an endemic fever threatened a premature grave to the apostle of the Indies. But his was not a spirit to be quenched or allayed by the fiercest paroxysms of disease.—At each remission of his malady, he crawled to the beds of his fellow suf-

ferers, to soothe their terrors or assuage their pains. To the eye of any casual observer the most wretched of mankind, in the esteem of his companions the happiest and most holy, he reached Goa just thirteen months after his departure from Lisbon.

[At Goa, Xavier was shocked, and had fear been an element in his nature, would have been dismayed, by the almost universal depravity of the inhabitants. It exhibited itself in those offensive forms which characterize the crimes of civilized men when settled among a feebler race, and released from even the conventional decencies of civilization.—Swinging in his hand a large bell, he traversed the streets of the city, and implored the astonished crowd to send their children to him, to be instructed in the religion which they still at least professed. Though he had never been addressed by the soul-stirring name of father, he knew that in the hardest and the most dissolute heart which had once felt the parental instinct, there is one chord which can never be wholly out of tune. A crowd of little ones were quickly placed under his charge. He lived among them as the most laborious of teachers, and the gentlest and the gayest of friends; and then returned them to their homes, that by their more hallowed example they might there impart, with all the unconscious eloquence of filial love, the lessons of wisdom and of piety they had been taught. No cry of human misery reached him in vain. He became an inmate of the hospitals, selecting that of the leprous as the object of his peculiar care. Even in the haunts of debauchery, and at the tables of the profligate, he was to be seen an honored and a welcome guest; delighting that most unmeet audience with the vivacity of his discourse, and sparing neither pungent jests to render vice ridiculous, nor sportive flatteries to allure the fallen back to the

still distasteful paths of soberness and virtue. Strong in purity of purpose, and stronger still in one sacred remembrance, he was content to be called the friend of publicans and sinners. He had, in truth, long since deserted the standard of prudence, the offspring of forethought, for the banners of wisdom, the child of love, and followed them through perils not to be hazarded under any less triumphant leader.

[Rugged were the ways along which he was thus conducted. In those times, as in our own, there was on the Malabar coast a pearl fishery, and then, as now, the pearl divers formed a separate and a degraded caste. It was not till after a residence of twelve months at Goa, that Xavier heard of these people. He heard that they were ignorant and miserable, and he enquired no farther. On that burning shore his bell once more rang out an invitation of mercy, and again were gathered around him troops of inquisitive and docile children. For fifteen months he lived among these abject fishermen, his only food their rice and water, reposing in their huts, and allowing himself but three hours' sleep in the four-and-twenty. He became at once their physician, the arbiter in their disputes, and their advocate for the remission of their annual tribute with the government at Goa. The bishop of that city had assisted him with two interpreters; but his impassioned spirit struggled, and not in vain, for some direct intercourse with the objects of his care. Committing to memory translations, at the time unintelligible to himself, of the creeds and other symbols of his faith, he recited them with tones and gestures, which spoke at once to the senses and to the hearts of his disciples. All obstacles yielded to his restless zeal. He soon learned to converse, to preach, and to write in their language. Many an humble cottage was surmounted



by a crucifix, the mark of its consecration; and many a rude countenance reflected the sorrows and the hopes which they had been taught to associate with that sacred emblem.—“I have nothing to add,” (the quotation is from one of the letters which at this time he wrote to Loyala) “but that they who came forth to labor for the salvation of idolaters, receive from on high such consolations, that if there be on earth such a thing as happiness, it is theirs.”

[If there be such a thing, it is but as the checkered sunshine of a vernal day. A hostile inroad from Madura overwhelmed the poor fishermen who had learned to call Xavier their father, threw down their simple chapels, and drove them for refuge to the barren rocks and sand banks which line the western shores of the strait of Manar. But their father was at hand to share their affliction, to procure for them from the viceroy at Goa, relief and food, and to direct their confidence to a still more powerful Father, whose presence and goodness they might adore even amidst the wreck of all their earthly treasures.

[It was a lesson not unmeet for those on whom such treasures had been bestowed in the most ample abundance; and Xavier advanced to Travancore, to teach it there to the rajah and his courtiers. No facts resting on remote human testimony, can be more exempt from doubt than the general outline of the tale which follows. A solitary, poor, and unprotected stranger, he burst through the barriers which separate men of different tongues and races; and with an ease little less than miraculous, established for himself the means of interchanging thoughts with the people of the East. They may have ill-gathered his meaning, but by some mysterious force of sympathy, they soon caught his ardor. Idol temples fell by the hands of their former wor-

shippers. Christian churches rose at his bidding; and the kingdom of Travancore was agitated with new ideas, and unwonted controversies. The Brahmins argued—as the church by law established has not seldom argued—with fire and sword, and the interdict of earth and water to the enemies of their repose. A foreign invader threw a still heavier sword into the trembling scales. From the southward appeared on the borders of Travancore, the same force which had swept away the poor fishermen of Malabar. Some embers of Spanish chivalry still glowed in the bosom of Xavier. He flew to the scene of the approaching combat, and there, placing himself in the van of the protecting army, poured forth a passionate prayer to the Lord of Hosts, raised on high his crucifix, and with kindling eyes, and far-resounding voice, delivered the behests of Heaven to the impious invaders. So runs the tale, and ends, it is almost superfluous to add, in the rout of the astounded foe. It is a matter of less animated and perhaps of more authentic history, that for his services in this war, Xavier was rewarded by the unbounded gratitude of the rajah, was honored with the title of his Great Father, and rescued from all further Brahminical persecution.

[On the Coromandel coast, near the city of Meliapor, might be seen in those times the oratory and the tomb of St. Thomas, the first teacher of Christianity in India. It was in a cool and sequestered grotto, that the apostle had been wont to pray; and there yet appeared on the living rock, in bold relief, the cross at which he knelt, with a crystal fountain of medicinal waters gushing from the base of it. On the neighboring height, a church with a marble altar, stained, after the lapse of fifteen centuries, with the blood of the martyr, ascertained the sacred spot at which his bones had been committed to the dust.

To this venerable shrine Xavier retired, to learn the will of heaven concerning him. If we may believe the oath of one of his fellow pilgrims, he maintained, on this occasion, for seven successive days, an unbroken fast and silence—no unfit preparation for his approaching conflicts. Even round the tomb of the apostle malignant demons prowl by night; and, though strong in the guidance of the Virgin, Xavier not only found himself in their obscene grasp, but received from them blows, such as no weapon in human hands could have inflicted, and which had nearly brought to a close his labors and his life.—Baffled by a superior power, the fiends opposed a still more subtle hindrance to his designs against their kingdom. In the garb, and in the outward semblance of a band of choristers, they disturbed his devotions by such soul-subduing strains, that the very harmonies of heaven might seem to have been awakened to divert the Christian warrior from his heavenward path. All in vain their fury and their guile. He found the direction he implored, and the first bark which sailed from the Coromandel shore to the city of Malacca, bore the obedient missionary to that great emporium of eastern commerce.

[Thirty years before the arrival of Xavier, Malacca had been conquered by Alphonso Albuquerque. It was a place abandoned to every form of sensual and enervating indulgence.—Through her crowded streets a strange and solemn visitor passed along, pealing his faithful bell, and earnestly imploring the prayers of the faithful for that guilty people. Curiosity and alarm soon gave way to ridicule; but Xavier's panoply was complete. The messenger of divine wrath judged this an unfit occasion for courting aversion or contempt. He became the gayest of the gay, and, in dress at least, the very model of an accomplished cavalier. Foiled at their own

weapons, his dissolute countrymen acknowledged the irresistible authority of a self-devotion so awful, relieved and embellished as it was, by every social grace. Thus the work of reformation prospered, or seemed to prosper. Altars rose in the open streets, the confessional was thronged by penitents, translations of devout books were multiplied; and the saint, foremost in every toil, applied himself with all the activity of his spirit to study the structure and the graceful pronunciation of the Malayar tongue. But the plague was not thus to be stayed. A relapse into all their former habits filled up the measure of their crimes. With prophetic voice, Xavier announced the impending chastisements of heaven; and, shaking off from his feet the dust of the obdurate city, pursued his indefatigable way to Amboyna.

[That island, then a part of the vast dominions of Portugal in the east, had scarcely witnessed the commencement of Xavier's exertions, when a fleet of Spanish vessels appeared in hostile array on the shores. They were invaders, and even corsairs; for their expedition had been disavowed by Charles V. Pestilence, however, was raging among them: and Xavier was equally ready to hazard his life in the cause of Portugal, or in the service of her afflicted enemies.—Day and night he lived in the infected ships, soothing every spiritual distress, and exerting all the magical influence of his name to procure for the sick whatever might contribute to their recovery or soothe their pains. The coals of fire, thus heaped on the heads of the pirates, melted hearts otherwise steeled to pity; and to Xavier belonged the rare, perhaps the unrivalled glory of repelling an invasion by no weapons but those of self-denial and love.]

In answer to those, who, in order to shake his determination to visit the Island of Moro, represented to him



the dangers which would beset his way, and the intractable and savage nature of the inhabitants, and who even, in their overwrought zeal, had resorted to compulsory measures to detain him; after complaining of this usage, the saint exclaims, "Where are those who dare limit the power of the Almighty God, and have so poor an idea of our Saviours love and grace? What heart so hard as to resist the influences of the Most High, when it pleases him to soften and to change them? Can they withstand the gentle, yet pervading power, that can make the dry bones live, and raise up children to Abraham from the stones? What! shall he who has subjugated the whole universe to the cross by the ministry of the apostles, not be able to cause his power to be felt in this petty corner of the world? Is the Island of Moro the only place, that shall not profit by the benefit of redemption? When Jesus Christ offered to the Eternal Father all the nations of the earth as his heritage, was the Island of Moro excepted? I admit that they are barbarous and brutal; but were they even more inhuman than they are, it is, because I can do nothing of myself, that I have better hopes of them. I can do all things in him who strengthens me, from whom alone proceeds the power of those who labor in the gospel."\* A lesson of heroic courage and zeal of martyrdom, which Protestant missionaries would do well to imitate, but of which, notwithstanding all the glowing descriptions of their pseudo-evangelic enterprise, they have never yet given a solitary evidence. The following passages have the merit of rare beauty. They are somewhat disfigured by the representing Xavier as using literally what was adduced but in comparison, between the terrors of the volcano, and the endless

torments of hell. Xavier may not have been skilled in mere human learning; yet not pupils only, but sage professors might learn much of science at the hands of a society, which for so long a period has held of it an almost exclusive monopoly.

[But glory, the praise of men or their gratitude, what were these to him? As the Spaniards retired peacefully from Amboyna, he, too, quitted the half-adoring multitude, whom he had rescued from the horrors of a pirate's war, and, spurning all the timid counsel which would have stayed his course, proceeded, as the herald of good tidings, to the half barbarous islands of the neighbouring Archipelago. "If those lands," such was his indignant exclamation, "had scented woods and mines of gold, Christians would find courage to go there; nor would all the perils in the world prevent them. They are dastardly and alarmed, because there is nothing to be gained there but the souls of men, and shall love be less hardy and less generous than avarice? They will destroy me, you say, by poison. It is an honor to which such a sinner as I am may not aspire; but this I dare to say, that whatever form of torture or of death awaits me, I am ready to suffer it ten thousand times for the salvation of a single soul." Nor was this the language of a man insensible to the sorrows of life, or really unaffected by the dangers he had to incur. "Believe me, my beloved brethren," (we quote from a letter written by him at this time to the Society at Rome,) "it is in general easy to understand the evangelical maxim, that he who will lose his life shall find it. But when the moment of action has come, and when the sacrifice of life for God is to be really made, oh, then, clear as at other times the meaning is, it becomes deeply obscure! so dark, indeed, that he alone can comprehend it, to whom, in his mercy,

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\* F. Bouhour's *Life of St. Francis Xavier*, p. 148.

God himself interprets it. Then it is we know how weak and frail we are."

Weak and frail he may have been ; but from the days of Paul of Tarsus to our own, the annals of mankind exhibit no other example of a soul borne onward so triumphantly through distress and danger, in all their most appalling aspects. He battled with hunger, and thirst, and nakedness, and assassination, and pursued his mission of love, with even increasing ardor, amidst the wildest war of the contending elements. At the island of Moro (one of the group of the Moluccas) he took his stand at the foot of a volcano ; and as the pillar of fire threw up its wreaths to heaven, and the earth tottered beneath him, and the firmament was rent by falling rocks and peals of unintermitting thunder, he pointed to the fierce lightnings, and the river of molten lava, and called on the agitated crowd which clung to him for safety, to repent, and to obey the truth ; but he also taught them that the sounds which racked their ears were the groans of the infernal world, and the sights which blasted their eyes, an outbreak from the atmosphere of the place of torment. Repairing for the celebration of mass to some edifices which he had consecrated for the purpose, an earthquake shook the building to its base. The terrified worshippers fled ; but Xavier, standing in meek composure before the rocking altar, deliberately completed that mysterious sacrifice, with a faith at least in this instance enviable, in the real presence : rejoicing, as he states in his description of the scene, to perceive that the demons of the island thus attested their flight before the archangel's sword, from the place where they had so long exercised their foul dominion. There is no schoolboy of our days who could not teach much, unsuspected by Francis Xavier, of the laws which govern the material and the spiritual worlds ;

nor have we many doctors who know as much as he did of the nature of Him by whom the worlds of matter and of spirit were created ; for he studied in the school of protracted martyrdom and active philanthropy, where are divulged secrets unknown and unimagined by the wisest and the most learned of ordinary men. Imparting every where such knowledge, as he possessed, he ranged over no small part of the Indian archipelago, and at length retraced his steps to Malacca, if even yet his exhortations and his prayers might avert her threatened doom.

[It appeared to be drawing nigh. Alaradin, a Mahomedan chief of Sumatra, had laid siege to the place at the head of a powerful fleet and army. Ill provided for defence by land, the Portuguese garrison was still more unprepared for a naval resistance. Seven shattered barks, unfit for service, formed their whole maritime strength. Universal alarm overspread the city, and the governor himself at once partook and heightened the general panic. Already, thoughts of capitulation had become familiar to the besieged, and European chivalry had bowed in abject silence to the insulting taunts and haughty menaces of the Moslem. At this moment, in his slight and weatherbeaten pinnace, the messenger of peace on earth effected an entrance into the beleagured harbor. But he came with a loud and indignant summons to the war ; for Xavier was still a Spanish cavalier, and he "thought it foul scorn" that gentlemen, subjects of the most faithful King, should thus be bearded by Barbaric onemies, and the worshippers of Christ defied by the disciples of the Arabian impostor. He assumed the direction of the defence. By his advice the seven dismantled ships were promptly equipped for sea. He assigned to each a commander ; and having animated the



crews with promises of both temporal and eternal triumphs, dispatched them to meet and conquer the hostile fleet. As they sailed from the harbor, the admiral's vessel ran aground and instantly became a wreck. Returning hope and exultation as promptly gave way to terror; and Xavier, the idol of the preceding hour, was now the object of popular fury. He alone retained his serenity. He upbraided the cowardice of the governor, revived the spirits of the troops, and encouraged the multitude with prophecies of success. Again the flotilla sailed, and a sudden tempest drove it to sea. Day after day passed without intelligence of its safety: once more the hearts of the besieged failed them. Rumors of defeat were rife; the Mohamedans had effected a landing within six leagues of the city, and Xavier's name was repeated from mouth to mouth with cries of vengeance. He knelt before the altar, the menacing people scarcely restrained by the sanctity of the place from immolating him there as a victim to his own disastrous counsels. On a sudden his bosom was seen to heave as with some deep emotion; he raised aloft his crucifix, and with a glowing eye, and in tones like one possessed, breathed a short yet passionate prayer for victory. A solemn pause ensued; the dumbest eye could see that within that now fainting, pallid, agitated frame, some power more than human was in communion with the weak spirit of man. What might be the ineffable sense thus conveyed from mind to mind, without the aid of symbols or of words! One half hour of deep and agonizing silence held the awe-stricken assembly in breathless expectation—when, bounding on his feet, his countenance radiant with joy, and his voice clear and ringing as with the swelling notes of the trumpet, he exclaimed, "Christ has conquered for us! At this very moment his soldiers are

charging our defeated enemies; they have made a great slaughter—we have lost only four of our defenders. On Friday next the intelligence will be here, and we shall then see our fleet again." The catastrophe of such a tale need not be told. Malacca followed her deliverer, and the troops of the victorious squadron, in solemn procession to the church, where, amidst the roar of cannon, the pealing of anthems, and hymns of adoring gratitude, his inward sense heard and revered that inarticulate voice which still reminded him, that for him the hour of repose and triumph might never come, till he should reach that state where sin would no longer demand his rebuke, nor grief his sympathy. He turned from the half-idolatrous shouts of an admiring people, and retraced his toilsome way to the shores of Coromandel.

[He returned to Goa a poor and solitary, but no longer an obscure man. From the Indus to the Yellow Sea, had gone forth a vague and marvellous rumor of him. The tale bore that a stranger had appeared in the semblance of a way-worn, abject beggar, who, by some magic influence, and for some inscrutable ends, had bowed the nations to his despotic will, while spurning the wealth, the pleasures, and the homage which they offered to their conqueror. Many were the wonders which travellers had to tell of his progress, and without number the ingenious theories afloat to the solution of them. He possessed the gift of ubiquity, could at the same moment speak in twenty different tongues on as many dissimilar subjects, was impassive to heat, cold, hunger, and fatigue, held hourly intercourse with invisible beings, the guides or ministers of his designs, raised the dead to life, and could float, when so it pleased him, across the boiling ocean on the wings of the typhon. Among the listeners to

these prodigies had been Auger, a native and inhabitant of Japan. His conscience was burdened with the memory of great crimes, and he had sought relief in vain from many an expiatory rite, and from the tumults of dissipation. In search of the peace he could not find at home, he sailed to Malacca, there to consult with the mysterious person of whose *avatur* he had heard. But Xavier was absent, and the victim of remorse was retracing his melancholy voyage to Japan, when a friendly tempest arrested his retreat, and once more brought him to Malacca. He was attended by two servants, and with them, by Xavier's directions, he proceeded to Goa. In these three Japanese, his prophetic eye had at once seen the future instruments of the conversion of their native land; and to that end he instructed them to enter on a systematic course of training in a college, which he had established for such purposes, at the seat of Portuguese empire in the east. At that place Xavier, ere long, rejoined his converts. Such had been their proficiency, that soon after his arrival they were admitted not only into the church by baptism, but into the society of Jesus, by the performance of the spiritual exercises.

[The history of Xavier now reaches a not unwelcome pause. He pined for solitude and silence. He had been too long in constant intercourse with man, and found that, however high and holy may be the ends for which social life is cultivated, the habit, if unbroken, will impair that inward sense through which alone the soul can gather any true intimations of her nature and her destiny. He retired to commune with himself in a seclusion where the works of God alone were to be seen, and where no voices could be heard but those which, in each varying cadence, raise an unconscious anthem of praise and adoration to their creator. There for a

while reposing from labors such as few or any other of the sons of men have undergone, he consumed days and weeks in meditating prospects beyond the reach of any vision unenlarged by the habitual exercise of beneficence and piety.

[Scarcely four years had elapsed from the first discovery of Japan by the Portuguese, when Xavier, attended by Auger and his two servants, sailed from Goa to convert the islanders to the Christian faith. Much good advice had been, as usual, wasted on him by his friends. To Loyola alone he confided the secret of his confidence. "I cannot express to you" (such are his words) "the joy with which I undertake the long voyage; for it is full of extreme perils, and we consider a fleet sailing to Japan as eminently prosperous in which one ship out of four is saved. Though the risk far exceeds any which I have hitherto encountered, I shall not decline it; for our Lord has imparted to me an interior revelation of the rich harvest which will one day be gathered from the cross when once planted there." Whatever may be thought of these voices from within, it is at least clear, that nothing magnanimous or sublime has ever yet proceeded from those who have listened only to the voices from without. But, as if resolved to show that a man may at once act on motives incomprehensible to his fellow mortals, and possess the deepest insight into the motives by which they are habitually governed, Xavier left behind him a code of instructions for his brother missionaries, illuminated in almost every page by that profound sagacity which results from the union of extensive knowledge with acute observation, mellowed by the intuitive wisdom of a compassionate and lowly heart. The science of self-conquest, with a view to conquer the stubborn will of others, the act of winning admission for painful truth, and the du-



ties of fidelity and reverence in the attempt to heal the diseases of the human spirit, were never taught by uninspired man with an eloquence more gentle, or an authority more impressive. A longer voyage, pursued through every disaster which the malevolence of demons could oppose to his progress, (for he was constrained to sail in a piratical ship, with idols on her deck and whirlwinds in her path,) brought him, in the year 1549, to Japan, there to practise his own lessons, and to give a new example of heroic perseverance.

[Auger now called Paul of the Holy Faith, was dispatched to his former friend and sovereign, with a picture of the Virgin and the Infant Jesus, and the monarch and his courtiers admired, kissed, and worshipped the sacred symbols. Xavier himself (to use his own words) stood by, a mere mute statue; but there was promethean fire within, and the marble soon found a voice. Of all his philological miracles, this was the most stupendous. He who, in the decline of life, bethinks him of all that he once endured to unlock the sense of *Æschylus*, and is conscious how stammering has been the speech with which, in later days, he has been wont to mutilate the tongues of *Pascal* and of *Tasso*, may think it a fable that in a few brief weeks Xavier could converse and teach intelligibly in the involved and ever-shifting dialects of Japan. Perhaps, had the sceptic ever studied to converse with living men under the impulse of some passion which had absorbed every faculty of his soul, he might relax his incredulity; but, whatever be the solution, the fact is attested on evidence which it would be folly to discredit—that within a very short time Xavier began to open to the Japanese, in their own language and to their perfect understanding, the commission with which he was charged. Such, indeed, was his facility of speech,

that he challenged the Bonzes to controversies on all the mysterious points of their and his conflicting creeds. He cured the leprous, and he raised the dead. Two Bonzas became the first, and indeed the only fruits of his labors. The hearts of their brethren grew harder as the light of truth glowed with increasing but ineffectual brightness around them. The King also withdrew his favor, and Xavier, with two companions carried the rejected messages of mercy to the neighboring states of the Japanese empire.

Carrying on his back his only viaticum, the vessels requisite for performing the sacrifice of the mass, he advanced to *Firando*, at once the seaport and the capital of the kingdom of that name. Some Portuguese ships, riding at anchor there, announced his arrival in all the forms of nautical triumph—flags of every hue floating from the masts, seamen clustering on the yards, cannon roaring from beneath, and trumpets braying from above. *Firando* was agitated with debate and wonder; all asked, but none could afford, an explanation of the homage rendered by the wealthy traders to the meanest of their countrymen. It was given by the humble pilgrim himself, surrounded in the royal presence by all the pomp which the Europeans could display in his honor. Great was the effect of these auxiliaries to the work of an evangelist; and the modern, like the ancient Apostle, ready to become all things to all men, would no longer decline the abasement of assuming for a moment the world's grandeur, when he found that such puerile acts might allure the children of the world to listen to the voice of wisdom. At *Meaco*, then the seat of empire in Japan, the discovery might be reduced to practice with still more important success, and thitherwards his steps were promptly directed.

Unfamiliar to the ears of us barba-

rians of the North-Western Ocean are the very names of the seats of Japanese civilization through which his journey lay. At Amanguchi, the capital of Nagoto, he found the hearts of men hardened by sensuality, and his exhortations to repentance were repaid by showers of stones and insults. "A pleasant sort of Bonze, indeed, who would allow us but one God and one woman!" was the summary remark with which the luxurious Amanguchians disposed of the teacher of his doctrine. They drove him forth half naked, with no provision but a bag of parched rice, and accompanied only by three of his converts, prepared to share his danger and his reproach.

[It was the depth of winter, dense forests, steep mountains, half-frozen streams, and wastes of untrodden snow, lay in his path to Meaco. An entire month was consumed in traversing the wilderness, and the cruelty and scorn of man not seldom adding bitterness to the rigors of nature. On one occasion the wanderers were overtaken in a thick jungle by a horseman bearing a heavy package. Xavier offered to carry the load, if the rider would requite the service by pointing out his way. The offer was accepted, but hour after hour the horse was urged on at such a pace, and so rapidly sped the panting missionary after him, that his tortured feet and excoriated body sunk in seeming death under the protracted effort. In the extremity of his distress no repining word was ever heard to fall from him. He performed this dreadful pilgrimage in silent communion with Him for whom he rejoiced to suffer the loss of all things; or spoke only to sustain the hope and courage of his associates. At length the walls of Meaco were seen, promising a repose not ungrateful even to his adamant frame and fiery spirit. But repose was no more to visit him. He found the

city in all the tumult and horrors of a siege. It was impossible to gain attention to his doctrines amidst the din of arms. Chanting from the Psalmist—"When Israel went out of Egypt and the house of Jacob from a strange people," the Saint again plunged into the desert, and retraced his steps to Amanguchi.

[Xavier describes the Japanese very much as a Roman might have depicted the Greeks in the age of Augustus, as at once intellectual and sensual voluptuaries; on the best possible terms with themselves, a good-humored but faithless race, equally acute and frivolous, talkative and disputatious—"Their inquisitiveness," he says, "is incredible, especially in their intercourse with strangers, for whom they have not the slightest respect, but make incessant sport of them. Surrounded at Amanguchi by a crowd of these babblers, he was plying with innumerable questions about the immortality of the soul, the movement of the planets, eclipses, the rainbow—sin, grace, paradise and hell. He heard and answered. A single response solved all these problems. Astronomers, meteorologists, metaphysicians, and divines, all heard the same sound; but to each it came with a different and appropriate meaning. So wrote from the very spot Father Anthony Quadros four years after the event; and so the fact may be read in the process of Xavier's canonization. Possessed of so admirable a gift, his progress in the conversion of these once contemptuous people is the less surprising. Their city became the principal seat of learning in Japan, and of course, therefore, the great theatre of controversial debate. Of these polemics there remains a record of no doubtful authenticity, from which disputants of higher name than those of Amanguchi might take some useful lessons in the dialectic act. Thrusts, better made or more skil-



fully parried, are seldom to be witnessed in the schools of Oxford or Cambridge.

[In the midst of controversies with men, Xavier again heard that inward voice to which he never answered but by instant and unhesitating submission. It summoned him to Fucheo, the capital of the kingdom of Bungo; a city near the sea, and having for its port a place called Figer, where a rich Portuguese merchant ship was then lying. At the approach of the Saint (for such he was now universally esteemed) the vessel thundered from all her guns such loud and repeated discharges, that the startled sovereign despatched messengers from Fucheo to ascertain the cause of so universal an uproar. Nothing could exceed the astonishment with which they received the explanation. -It was impossible to convey to the monarch's ear so extravagant a tale. A royal salute for the most abject of lazars—for a man, to use their own energetic language—"so abhorred of the earth, that the very vermin which crawled over him loathed their wretched fare." If mortal man ever rose or sunk so far as to discover, without pain, that his person was the object of disgust to others, then is there one form of self-dominion in which Francis Xavier has been surpassed. Yielding with no perceptible reluctance to the arguments of his countrymen, and availing himself of the resources at their command, he advanced to Fucheo, preceded by thirty Portuguese clad in rich stuffs, and embellished with chains of gold and precious stones. "Next came, and next did go," in their gayest apparel, the servants and slaves of the merchants. Then appeared the apostle of the Indies himself, resplendent in green velvet and golden brocade. Chinese tapestry, and silken flags of every brilliant color, covered the pinnace and the boats in which they were rowed up to the city, and the oars

rose and fell to the sound of trumpets, flutes, and hautboys. As the procession drew near to the royal presence, the commander of the ship marched bareheaded, and carrying a wand as the esquire or major-domo of the Father. Five others of her principal officers, each bearing some costly article, stepped along, as proud to do such service; while he, in honor of whom it was rendered, moved onwards with the majestic gait of some feudal chieftain marshalling his retainers, with a rich umbrella held over him. He traversed a double file of six hundred men-at-arms drawn up for his reception, and interchanged complimentary harangues with his royal host, with all the grace and dignity of a man accustomed to shine in courts, and to hold intercourse with Princes.]

Irritated at the welcome reception of St. Francis at the Royal Court, and the favorable impression made by his eloquent advocacy of the Faith, the heathen priesthood overstepped the bounds of prudence, and even assailed with their invectives the person of the king, reproaching him with impiety towards the gods. He thus deals with the remonstrances of one of their number.

[Never was King surrounded by a gayer circle than that which then glittered at the court of Fucheo. The more the Bonze lectured on his own sacerdotal authority, the more laughed they. The King himself condescended to aid the general merriment, and congratulated his monitor on the convincing proof he had given of his heavenly mission, by the display of an infernal temper. To Xavier he addressed himself in a far different spirit. On his head the triple crown might have lighted without allaying the thirst of his soul for the conversion of mankind; and the European pomp with which he was for the moment environed, left him still the same living martyr to the faith it was

his one object to diffuse. His rich apparel, and the blandishments of the great, served only to present to him, in a new and still more impressive light, the vanity of all sublunary things. He preached, catechised, and disputed, with an ardor and perseverance which threatened his destruction, and alarmed his affectionate followers. "Care not for me," was his answer to their expostulation; "think of me as a man dead to bodily comforts. My food, my rest, my life, are to rescue, from the granary of Satan, the souls for whom God has sent hither from the ends of the earth." To such fervor the Bonzes of Fucheo could offer no effectual resistance. One of the most eminent of their number cast away his idols and became a Christian. Five hundred of his disciples immediately followed his example. The King himself, a dissolute unbeliever, was moved so far (and the concessions of the rulers of the earth must be handsomely acknowledged) as to punish the crimes he still practised; and to confess that the very face of the Saint was a mirror, reflecting by the force of contrast all the hideousness of his own vices. Revolting, indeed, they were, and faithful were the rebukes of the tongue, no less than the countenance of Xavier. A royal convert was about to crown his labors, and the worship of Xaca and Amida seemed waning to its close. It was an occasion which demanded every sacrifice; nor was the demand unanswered.

[For thirty years the mysteries of the faith of the Bonzes had been taught in the most celebrated of their colleges, by a Doctor who had fathomed all divine and human lore; and who, except when he came forth to utter the oracular voice of more than earthly wisdom, withdrew from the sight of men into a secret retirement, there to hold high converse with the immortals Fucarondono, for

so he was called, announced his purpose to visit the city and palace of Fucheo. As when, in the agony of Agamemnon's camp, the son of Thetis at length grasped his massive spear, and the trembling sea-shores resounded at his steps—so advanced to the war of words the great chieftain of Japanese theology, and so rose the cry of anticipated triumph from the rescued Bonzes. Terror seized the licentious King himself, and all foreboded the overthrow of Xavier and Christianity. "Do you know, or rather, do you remember me!" was the enquiry with which this momentous debate was opened. "I never saw you till now," answered the Saint. "A man who has dealt with me a thousand times, and who pretends never to have seen me, will be no difficult conquest," rejoined the most profound of the Bonzes. "Have you left any of the goods which I bought of you at the port of Frenajona?"—"I was never a merchant," said the missionary, "nor was I ever at Frenajona?"—"What a wretched memory!" was the contemptuous reply: "it is precisely 500 years to-day since you and I met at that celebrated mart, when, by the same token, you sold me a hundred pieces of silk, and an excellent bargain I had of it." From the transmigration of the soul the sage proceeded to unfold the other dark secrets of nature—such as the eternity of matter, the spontaneous self-formation of all organized beings, and the progressive cleansing of the human spirit in the nobler and holier, until they attain to a perfect memory of the past, and are enabled to retrace their wanderings from one body to another through all preceding ages—looking down from the pinnacles of accumulated wisdom on the grovelling multitude, whose recollections are confined within the narrow limits of their latest corporeal existence. That Xavier refuted these perplexing arguments, we are assur-



ed by a Portuguese bystander who witnessed the debate ; though unhappily no record of his arguments has come down to us. "I have," says the historian, "neither science nor presumption enough to detail the subtle and solid reasonings by which the Saint destroyed the vain fancies of the Bonze."

[Yet the victory was incomplete. Having recruited his shattered forces, and accompanied by no less than 3000 Bonzes, Fucarondono returned to the attack. On his side Xavier appeared in the field of controversy attended by the Portuguese officers in their richest apparel. They stood uncovered in his presence, and knelt when they addressed him. Their dispute now turned on many a knotty point ;—as, for example, Why did Xavier celebrate masses for the dead, and yet condemn the orthodox Japanese custom of giving to the Bonze bills of exchange payable in their favor ? So subtle and difficult were their enquiries, that Xavier and his companion, the reporter of the dispute, were compelled to believe that the spirit of evil had suggested them ; and that they were successfully answered is described to the incessant prayers which, during the whole contest, the Christians offered for their champion. Of this second polemical campaign we have a minute and animated account. It may be sufficient to extract the conclusion of the royal Moderator. "For my own part," he said, "as far as I can judge, I think that Father Xavier speaks rationally, and that the rest of you don't know what you are talking about. Men must have clear heads or less violence than you have to understand these difficult questions, which might teach you not to deny truths so evident ; and do not bark like so many dogs." So saying, the King of Fungo dissolved the assembly.

[In such controversies, and in doing the work of an evangelist in every

other form, Xavier saw the third year of his residence at Japan gliding away, when tidings of perplexities at the mother church of Goa recalled him thither ; across seas so wide and stormy, that even the sacred lust of gold hardly braved them in that infancy of the art of navigation. As his ship drove before the moonsoon, dragging after her a smaller bark which she had taken in tow, the connecting ropes were suddenly burst asunder, and in a few minutes the two vessels were no longer in sight. Thrice the sun rose and set on their dark course, the unchained elements roaring as in mad revelry around them, and the ocean seething like a caldron. Xavier's shipmates wept over the loss of friends and kindred in the foundered bark, and shuddered at their own approaching doom. He also wept ; but his were grateful tears. As the screaming whirlwind swept over the abyss, the present deity was revealed to his faithful worshipper, shedding tranquility, and peace, and joy over the sanctuary of a devout and confiding heart. "Mourn not, my friend," was his gay address to Edward de Gama, as he lamented the loss of his brother in the bark ; "before three days, the daughter will have returned to her mother." They were weary and anxious days ; but as the third drew towards a close, a sail appeared in the horizon. Defying the adverse winds, she made straight towards them, and at last dropped alongside, as calmly as the sea-bird ends her flight, and furls her ruffled plumage on the swelling surge. The cry of miracle burst from every lip ; and well it might. There was the lost bark, and not the bark only, but Xavier himself on board her ! What though he had ridden out the tempest in the larger vessel, the stay of their drooping spirits, he had at the same time been in the smaller ship, performing there also the same charitable office ; and yet, when the two hailed

and spoke each other, there was but one Francis Xavier, and he composedly standing by the side of Edward de Gama on the deck of the "Holy Cross." Such was the name of the commodore's vessel. For her services on this occasion, she obtained a sacred charter of immunity from risks of every kind; and as long as her timbers continued sound, bounded merrily across seas in which no other craft could have lived.

[During this wondrous voyage, her deck had often been paced in deep conference by Xavier and Jago de Pereyra, her commander. Though he pursued the calling of a merchant, he had, says the historian, the heart of a prince. Two great objects expanded the thoughts of Pereyra—the one, the conversion of the Chinese empire; the other, his own appointment as ambassador to the celestial court at Peking. In our puny days, the dreams of traders in the east, are of smuggling opium. But in the sixteenth century, no enterprise appeared to them too splendid to contemplate, or too daring to hazard. Before the "Holy Cross" had reached Goa, Pereyra had pledged his whole fortune, Xavier his influence and his life, to this gigantic adventure. In the spring of the following year, the apostle and the ambassador, (for so far the project had in a few months been accomplished,) sailed from Goa in the "Holy Cross," for the then unexplored coasts of China. As they passed Malacca, tidings came to Xavier of the tardy though true fulfilment of one of his predictions. Pestilence, the minister of Divine vengeance, was laying waste that stifnecked and luxurious people; but the woe he had foretold he was the foremost to alleviate. Heedless of his own safety, he raised the sick in his arms and bore them to the hospitals. He esteemed no time, or place, or office, too sacred to give way to this work of mercy. Ships, colleges, churches, all at his bidding

became so many lazarettos. Night and day he lived among the diseased and the dying, or quitted them only to beg food or medicine, from door to door, for their relief. For the moment, even China was forgotten; nor would he advance a step though it were to convert to Christianity a third part of the human race, so long as one victim of the plague demanded his sympathy, or could be directed to an ever-present and still more compassionate Comforter. The career of Xavier (though he knew it not) was now drawing to a close; and with him the time was ripe for practising those deeper lessons of wisdom which he had imbibed from his long and arduous discipline.

[With her cables bent lay the "Holy Cross" in the port of Malacca, ready at length to convey the embassy to China, when a difficulty arose, which not even the prophetic spirit of Xavier had foreseen. Don Alvaro d'Alayde, the governor, a grandee of high rank, regarded the envoy and his commission with an evil eye. To represent the crown of Portugal to the greatest of earthly monarchs was, he thought, an honor more meet for a son of the house of Alayde, than for a man who had risen from the very dregs of the people.—The expected emoluments also exceeded the decencies of a cupidity less than noble. He became of opinion that it was not for the advantage of the service of King John III., that the expedition should advance. Pereyra appeared before him in the humble garb of a suitor, with the offer of 30,000 crowns as a bribe. All who sighed for the conversion, or for the commerce of China, lent the aid of their intercessions. Envoys, saints, and merchants, united their prayers in vain. Brandishing his cane over their heads, Alvaro swore that, so long as he was governor of Malacca, and captain-general of the seas of Portugal, the embassy should move



no further. Week after week was thus consumed, and the season was fast wearing away, when Xavier at length resolved on a measure to be justified even in his eyes only by extreme necessity. A secret of high significance had been buried in his bosom since his departure from Europe. The time for the disclosure of it had come. He produced a Papal Brief, investing him with the dignity and the powers of apostolical nuncio in the east. One more hindrance to the conversion of China, and the church would clothe her neck with thunders. Alvaro was still unmoved; and sentence of excommunication was solemnly pronounced against him and his abettors. Alvaro answered by sequestrating the "Holy Cross" herself. Xavier wrote letters of complaint to the king. Alvaro intercepted them. One appeal was still open to the vicar of Christ. Prostrate before the altar, he invoked the aid of Heaven; and rose with purposes confirmed, and hopes reanimated. In the service of Alvaro, though no longer bearing the embassy to China, the "Holy Cross" was to be dispatched to Sancian, an island near the mouth of the Canton river, to which the Portuguese were permitted to resort for trade. Xavier resolved to pursue his voyage so far, and thence proceeded to Macao to preach the gospel there. Imprisonment was sure to follow. But he should have Chinese fellow-prisoners. These at least he might convert: and though his life would pay the forfeit, he should leave behind him in these first Christians a band of missionaries who would propagate through their native land the faith he should only be permitted to plant.

[It was a compromise as welcome to Alvaro as to Xavier himself.—Again the "Holy Cross" prepared for sea; and the Apostle of the Indies, followed by a grateful and admiring people, passed through the

gates of Malacca to the beach. Falling on his face on the earth, he poured forth a passionate though silent prayer. His body heaved and shook with the throes of that agonizing hour. What might be the fearful portent none might divine, and none presumed to ask. A contagious terror passed from eye to eye, but every voice was hushed. It was as the calm preceding the first thunder peal which is to rend the firmament. Xavier arose, his countenance no longer beaming with its accustomed grace and tenderness, but glowing with a sacred indignation, like that of Isaiah, when breathing forth his inspired menaces against the King of Babylon. Standing on a rock amidst the waters, he loosed his shoes from off his feet, smote them against each other with vehement action, and then casting them from him, as still tainted with the dust of that devoted city, he leaped barefooted into the bark, which bore him away for ever from a place from which he had so long and vainly labored to avert her impending doom.

[She bore him, as he had projected, to the Island of Sancian. It was a mere commercial factory; and the merchants who passed the trading season there, vehemently opposed his design of penetrating further into China. True, he had ventured into the forest, against the tigers which infested it, with no other weapon than a vase of holy water, and the savage beasts, sprinkled with that sacred element, had for ever fled the place: but the mandarins were fiercer still than they, and would avenge the preaching of the saint on the inmates of the factory—though most guiltless of any design but that of adding to their heap of crowns and moidores. Long years had now passed away since the voice of Loyola had been heard on the banks of the Seine, urging the solemn enquiry, "What shall it profit."—But the words still rung on the ear of Xavier, and were still repeated, though

in vain, to his worldly associates at Sancian. They sailed away with their cargoes, leaving behind them only the "Holy Cross," in charge of the officers of Alvaro, and depriving Xavier of all means of crossing the channel to Macao. They left him destitute of shelter and of food, but not of hope. He had heard that the King of Siam meditated an embassy to China for the following year; and to Siam he resolved to return in Alvaro's vessel, to join himself, if possible, to the Siamese envoys, and so at length to force his way into the empire.

[But his earthly toils and projects, were now to cease for ever. The angel of death appeared with a summons, for which, since death first entered our world, no man was ever more triumphantly prepared. It found him on board the vessel, on the point of departing for Siam. At his own request, he was removed to the shore, that he might meet his end with the greater composure. Stretched on the naked beach, with the cold blasts of a Chinese winter aggravating his pains, he contended alone with the agonies of the fever which wasted his vital power. It was solitude and an agony for which the happiest of the sons of men might well have exchanged the dearest society and the purest of the joys of life. It was an agony in which his still uplifted crucifix reminded him of a far more awful woe endured for his deliverance; and a solitude thronged by blessed ministers of peace and consolation, visible in all their bright and lovely aspects to the now unclouded eye of faith; and audible to the dying martyr through the yielding bars of his mortal prison-house, in strains of exulting joy till then unheard and unimagined. Tears burst from his fading eyes, tears of an emotion too big for utterance. In the cold collapse of death his features were for a few brief moments irradiated as with the

first beams of approaching glory.—He raised himself on his crucifix, and exclaiming, *In te, Domine, speravi—non confundar in aeternum!* he bowed his head and died.

[He lived among men as if to show how little the grandeur of the human soul depends on mere intellectual power. His it was to demonstrate with what vivific rays a heart imbued with the love of God and man may warm and kindle the nations; dense as may be the exhalations through which the giant pursues his course from the one end of heaven to the other. Scholars criticized, wits jested, prudent men admonished, and kings opposed him; but on moved Francis Xavier, borne forward by an impulse which crushed and shattered to the winds all such puny obstacles. In ten short years, a solitary wanderer, destitute of all human aid—as if mercy had lent him wings, and faith an impenetrable armor—he traversed oceans, islands, and continents, through a track equal to more than twice the circumference of our globe; every where preaching, disputing, baptizing, and founding Christian churches. There is at least one well authenticated miracle in Xavier's story. It is, that any mortal man should have sustained such toils as he did; and have sustained them too, not merely with composure, but as if in obedience to some indestructible exigency of his nature. "The Father Master Francis," (the words are those of his associate, Melchior Nunez,) "when laboring for the salvation of idolaters, seemed to act, not by any acquired power, but as by some natural instinct; for he could neither take pleasure nor even exist except in such employments. They were his repose; and when he was leading men to the knowledge and the love of God, however much he exerted himself, he never appeared to be making any effort."]

Before leaving the delineation of



Xavier's character which is concluded in the succeeding extract, a passing notice may be ventured upon, in regard to our author's scepticism on the subject of miracles. We have been sorry to see the old story revived of the saint's silence upon this point.—And when this head of objection is found to be the only one alleged, it must appear a *weak* attempt to counterbalance the force of so many well authenticated facts. Those persons, who have been favored with extraordinary gifts, are the last to bring them into the public gaze. But if Xavier be silent, was not Peter also? Were no miracles then worked by the prince of the apostles? Or, if the consequence be inconclusive in the one instance, why not in the other? But Xavier does not happen to be silent, as a reference to his own letters will demonstrate.\* We feel strongly given to suspect, that, "after a careful examination of a considerable series of them," Mr. Macaulay must have been either very unfortunate in his researches, or gleaning his information at second hand, placed too much reliance on an impure and unfaithful source.

[His was a sanctity which, at fitting seasons, could even disport itself in jests and trifling. No man, however abject his condition, disgusting his maladies, or hateful his crimes, ever turned to Xavier without learning that there was at least one human heart on which he might repose with all the confidence of a brother's love. To his eye the meanest and the lowest reflected the image of him whom he followed and adored; nor did he suppose that he could ever serve the Saviour of mankind so acceptably as by ministering to their sorrows, and recalling them into the way of peace. It is easy to smile at his visions, to detect his errors, to ridicule the extravagant austerities of his life; and

even to show how much his misguided zeal evidently counteracted his own designs. But with our philosophy, our luxuries, and our wider experience, it is not easy for us to estimate or to comprehend the career of such a man. Between his thoughts and our thoughts there is but little in common. Of our wisdom he knew nothing, and would have despised it if he had. Philanthropy was his passion, reckless daring his delight; and faith glowing in meridian splendor the sunshine in which he walked. He judged or felt (and who shall say that he judged or felt erroneously?) that the church demanded an illustrious sacrifice, and that he was to be the victim; that a voice which had been dumb for fifteen centuries, must at length be raised again, and that to him that voice had been imparted; that a new apostle must go forth to break up the incrustations of man's long-hardened heart, and that to him that apostolate had been committed. So judging, or so feeling, he obeyed the summons of him whom he esteemed Christ's vicar on earth, and the echoes from no sublunary region which that summons seemed to awaken in his bosom. In holding up to reverential admiration such self-sacrifices as his, slight, indeed, is the danger of stimulating enthusiastic imitators. Enthusiasm! our pulpits distil their bland rhetoric against it; but where is it to be found? Do not our seare markets, thronged even by the devout, overlay it—and our rich benefices extinguish it—and our pence-costs, in the dazzling month of May, dissipate it—and our stipendiary missions, and our mitres, decked even in heathen lands with jewels and with lordly titles—do they not, as so many lightning conductors, effectually divert it? There is, indeed, the lackadaisical enthusiasm of devotional experiences, and the sentimental enthusiasm of religious bazars, and the oratorical enthusiasm of charitable

\* Ep. F. Xaverii, lib. I., ep. 4.

platforms—and the tractarian enthusiasm of well-beneficed ascetics; but in what, except the name, do they resemble “the-God-in-us” enthusiasm of Francis Xavier?—of Xavier the magnanimous, the holy, and the gay; the canonized saint, not of Rome only, but of universal Christendom; who, if at this hour, there remained not a solitary Christian to claim and to rejoice in his spiritual ancestry, should yet live in hallowed and everlasting remembrance; as the man who has bequeathed to these later ages, at once the clearest proof and the most illustrious example, that even amidst the enervating art of our modern civilization, the apostolic energy may still burn with all its primeval ardor in the human soul, when animated and directed by a power more than human.

[Xavier died in the year 1552, in the forty-seventh of his age, and just ten years and a half from his departure from Europe. During his residence in India, he had maintained a frequent correspondence with the general of his order. On either side their letters breathe the tenderness which is an indispensable element of the heroic character—an intense though grave affection, never degenerating into fondness; but chastened, on the side of Xavier, by filial reverence, on that of Ignatius by parental authority. It was as a father, or rather as a patriarch, exercising a supreme command over his family, and making laws for their future government, that Ignatius passed the last twenty years of his life. No longer a wanderer, captivating or overawing the minds of men by marvels addressed to their imagination, he dwelt in the ecclesiastical capital of the West, giving form and substance to the visions which had fallen on him at the Mount of Ascension, and attended him through every succeeding pilgrimage.]

We are conducted back again to

the consideration of St. Ignatius. The reader of the review will need to use caution in adopting the exaggerated account of the difficulties met with in the organization of the Society. In its stead, we will substitute a notice condensed from Bouhour and Orlandinus. “Having made an abstract of the Institute, he (Ignatius) presented it to Paul III., through Cardinal Gaspar Contarini. The Pope received the document in a very gracious manner, and caused it to be examined by Thomas Badin, then master of the sacred palace, and subsequently Cardinal of St. Sylvester. It is related that the Pope himself, after having read it, exclaimed ‘The finger of God is here.’ The matter was referred to three of the cardinals for deliberation, among whom was Bartolimeo Guidiccione, a prelate of austere virtue, but opposed to the increase of the religious orders. His views had their weight with his colleagues, and retarded for some time the confirmation of the order. Ignatius, however, continued to urge the matter to the Pope, with more earnestness than ever; he redoubled his prayers to God at the same time with great confidence; and as if to secure the success of his supplications, he made a promise to have three masses said, in thanksgiving for the favor which he hoped to obtain. His hopes were not frustrated. Cardinal Giudiccione suddenly changed his opinion, without being able to assign a satisfactory cause for so doing; and this change seemed so extraordinary to himself, that he doubted not but that God was the author of it. He attentively perused the memorial, which before he would hardly look at; and after a close examination of it, he said, that although his sentiments with regard to the non-multiplication of religious orders were not altered, yet he felt unable to oppose what was now proposed. Nay, more, he declared that he thought it necessary to the present



state of Christendom ; and regarded it as likely to be a powerful means to stop the ravages of heresy, which then began to devastate all Europe. Moved by so many extraordinary actions, and still more incited by an interior impulse, the Pope at length confirmed the Institute of Ignatius, under the title of the 'Society of Jesus,' by a bull, commencing with the words, 'Regimini militantis Ecclesiæ,' which was issued on the 27th September, 1540. It contains a eulogium of the first ten fathers, and declares that there is nothing in this new Institute, but what is good and holy. By the same bull, the Pope gave them permission to frame such constitutions as they should deem most proper for their own perfection, the good of their neighbor, and the glory of God."\*

[If there be in any of our universities a professor of moral philosophy lecturing on the science of human nature, let him study the Constitutions of Ignatius Loyala. They were the fruit of the solitary meditations of many years. The lamp of the retired student threw its rays on nothing but his manuscript, his crucifix, Thomas a Kempis, *De Imitatione Christi*, and the New Testament. Any other presence would have been a profane intrusion ; for the work was but a transcript of thoughts imparted to his disembodied spirit when, in early manhood, it had been caught up into the seventh heavens. As he wrote, a lambent flame, in shape like a tongue of fire, hovered about his head ; and as may be read in his own hand, in a still extant paper, the hours of composition were passed in tears of devotion, in holy ardor, in raptures, and amidst celestial apparitions.

[They were men of no common stamp with whom he lived, and they

regarded him with an unbounded reverence. On the anniversary of his death, Baronius and Bellarmine met to worship at his tomb ; and there, with touching and unpremeditated eloquence, joined to celebrate his virtues. His successor Laynez was so well convinced that Loyola was beloved by the Deity above all other men, as to declare it impossible that any request of his should be refused. Xavier was wont to kneel when he wrote letters to him ; to implore the Divine aid through the merits of his "holy Father Ignatius," and to carry about his autograph as a sacred relic. In popular estimation, the very house in which he once dwelt had been so hallowed by his presence, as to shake to the foundation, if thoughts' unbecoming its purity found entrance into the mind of any inmate. Of his theopathy, as exhibited in his letters, in his recorded discourse, and in his "Spiritual Exercises," it is perhaps difficult for the colder imaginations and the Protestant reserve of the North to form a correct estimate.—Measured by such a standard, it must be pronounced irreverent and erotic ; —a libation on the altar at once too profuse and too little filtered from the dross of human passion. But to his fellow men he was not merely benevolent, but compassionate, tolerant, and candid. However inflexible in exacting from his chosen followers an all-enduring constancy, he was gentle to others, especially to the young and the weak ; and would often make an amiable though awkward effort to promote their recreation.—He was never heard to mention a fault or a crime, except to suggest an apology for the offender. "Humbly to conceal humility, and to shun the praise of being humble," was the maxim and the habit of his later life ; and on that principle he maintained the unostentatious decencies of his rank as general of his order at the Casa Professa ; a convent which had

\* Bouhours Life of Ignatius, chapters 17, 18. Orlandinus, Hist. Soc. Jesu. lib. II. n. 113, and lib. X. n. 5.

been assigned at Rome for their residence. There he dwelt, conducting a correspondence more extensive and important than any which issued from the cabinets of Paris or Madrid. In sixteen years he had established twelve Jesuit Provinces in Europe, India, Africa, and Brazil; and more than a hundred colleges or houses for the Professed and the Probationers, already amounting to many thousands. His missionaries had traversed every country, the most remote and barbarous, which the enterprise of his age had opened to the merchants of the West\*. The devout resorted to him for guidance, the miserable for relief, the wise for instruction, and the rulers of the earth for succor. Men felt that there had appeared among them one of those monarchs who

reign in right of their own native supremacy; and to whom the feeble wills of others must yield either a ready or a reluctant allegiance. It was a conviction recorded by his disciples on his tomb, in these memorable and significant words: "Whoever thou mayest be who hast portrayed to thine own imagination Pompey, or Cæsar, or Alexander, open thine eyes to the truth, and let this marble teach thee how much greater a conqueror than they was Ignatius."]

We have lingered over the page, which records the story of the struggles, triumphs, and labors of those great and apostolic men, the master and the disciple, the Peter and the Paul of the Company of Jesus. The varied emotions, which then thronged upon the heart, cannot be easily de-

\* The following excerpts from an anti-Catholic source conveys some idea of the magnitude and extent of the reaction brought about in Germany, principally through the labors of the Jesuits, who reconquered to Catholicism many of the infected provinces, and put an effectual check to Protestantism, from which it has never recovered. "Who were the Jesuits that first appeared in Germany? They were Spaniards, Italians, Flemings; for a long time, the people did not even know the name of their order; they called them the Spanish priests. They got possession of the chairs of universities, and found pupils who attached themselves to their instructions. They acquired nothing from the Germans, for their doctrine and constitution were perfected before they came amongst them. They conquered the Germans on their own soil, in their own homes, and wrested from them a portion of their own country. As late as the year 1551, they had no firm station in Germany; in 1556, their influence extended over Bavaria and Tyrol, Franconia and Suabia, a great part of the Rhineland, and Austria; they had penetrated into Hungary, Bohemia and Moravia. In Cologne, it was once more regarded as an honor to wear the rosary, while relics, which no man had dared for years to exhibit publicly, be-

gan once more to be held in reverence."

The following local incidents we give as we find them: "John Adam von Bicken, Elector of Mayence, from 1601 to 1604, was a student of the Collegium Germanicum in Rome. It is reported that on hearing the Lutheran congregation, in the castle of Königstein, singing hymns at the funeral service of their minister, he exclaimed: 'Let them give their synagogue decent burial!' On the following Sunday, a Jesuit ascended the pulpit, in which a Lutheran preacher was never again beheld. The same occurred elsewhere. What Bicken left undone, was zealously completed by his successor, John Schweikard. He succeeded in carrying through the counter-reformation in every part of his diocese, even in Eichsfeld. He sent a commission to Heiligenstadt, which within two years converted two hundred citizens, many of whom had grown gray in the Protestant faith. Some few yet remained unshaken; these he exhorted in person, "as their father and their shepherd, from his inmost heart," to use his own words, and his exhortations were successful. He saw with extraordinary pleasure a city, which had been thoroughly Protestant for forty years, restored to the Catholic Church." Rankes History of the Popes, Book V. § 3, and VII., chap. 1, § 5, *passim*.



scribed. The topic itself was of no ordinary interest, and the characters stood alone. We feel thankful that the essay has been written, although our meed of thanksgiving be not awarded to its author, who seems to have been actuated by a questionable spirit; but to a higher and a holier power, who disposes events for wise purposes. We are no despisers of the day of small things. Yet we may not conceal, that desires are kindled into life, and hopes engendered of a return to saner counsels, than the world has lately known. That this is but a tithe offered up on the shrine of truth of the reparation about to follow.

We do not pretend to divine, and must needs only guess at the creed of him who indited the pages. That supposition might be tolerably correct, which would fix upon that convenient and loose one, which will fit any system of opinion or doctrine, but the right. The profession of some variety or other of religion is fashionable.—Otherwise, the sensitive mind of the public would be shocked, prudish eyes would be upraised in horror, and a needless waste of time would be occasioned, in waiting for the return of the mental equilibrium. In other words, it is respectable. Fifty years ago it was the reverse. This ample cloak will cover every shade of thinking, down to the leanest possible *gradus* of belief; provided only it keep within the conventional limits. Catholicity is the exception, to make the rule binding. Any thing may be written in candor, and freely concerning “Turk or heathen,” not so with what appertains to the followers of a proscribed, or what Bulwer would call a “fallen” or “antiquated” creed, unless the necessity or temptation were indeed urgent. In such dilemma, grievous outrage would be committed on the moral sense, were it not accompanied by a plausible set-off; or on emergency, for in such matters,

an excess of delicacy is not in vogue, a flat contradiction; should it even involve the conversion of that at first designed for wit, into the misty paradox. Emotions warming into gratitude are in such cases, therefore, somewhat out of place; seeing that we can have no grounds for security, that our guide will not shortly stumble against some heathen hero, with feats above the ordinary; who may light up within him, an equally deep-seated and lasting enthusiasm.

But who *was* Xavier, in the polite and fashionable sense of the interrogation? Mr. Macaulay will respond to the query. “Why consume many words in delineating a character which can be disposed of in three? Xavier was a Fanatic, a Papist, a Jesuit.” ’Tis quite enough: either of the two last were sufficient. These words are magical, and bear a comprehensive meaning. They at once arraign, bring in the verdict, and condemn. No other sounds so potent in any tongue of tribes hitherto discovered. There was a cry, that went forth at an earlier epoch, and for a similar intent; and to it they bear a resemblance. The place, was the road to Golgotha, and the cry, “Away with him, crucify him, crucify him.” We forgive the sarcasm, and can compassionate the blindness. They will be intelligible to the reader, and the Catholic can deduce the moral. That whatever has been wrung from the malevolence of the enemies of his faith, has been so reluctantly.

All hail! be to thee, Company of Jesus! fruitful nursing-mother of sages, martyrs, and saints! Earth has never beheld the like, save in an inspired age, and may not witness it again. Such gifts are frugally bestowed, else men would become more than men. From the cradle they issued forth, conquerors, overthrowing every thing that bore the stain of evil, or of error, and scattering blessings by the way. They went out,

not in pursuit of honors or of gain, but in spite of dangers, or of death, to gather into the granary of Christ that harvest of souls, so precious to him, and so dearly won. Whatever was beloved of him, under whose banner they had enrolled themselves, and to whose pattern they loved to be assimilated, was for them all in all; and the crown of martyrdom endured for his name, the only prized reward. Oceans, deserts, perils by sea or land, or sure destruction in its most appalling form, was unavailing to deter them from the rescue of a single one in bondage, who bore the image of God upon his brow; and accumulated difficulties served but to fan the fire of their ever burning zeal. Infidelity, how didst thou quail! Protestantism looked around for a deliverer, and there was none. Ever since the decree had gone forth, which called their Institute into existence, the funeral knell, of all that stood in array against the form and substance of godliness, had been sounded; and war, unceasing war, proclaimed by champions clothed in spiritual armor, against every principality that opposed the kingdom of God and his saints; a warfare never to have an end, until the whole earth should have become filled with his praise.

Their place had become empty.—Halls, which had resounded with their eloquence—kingly courts, that had been graced by their presence—abodes of misery and disease, which had witnessed their charity, long-suffering, and mercy—and lowly hovels

hallowed by their prayer, knew them no more. There was a rejoicing of enemies, both of those who feigned, and those who loathed the Christian name. But wherefore this joy and revelry, as though of spirits of Erebus? They had fallen, indeed, but not by any prowess hostile hatred could exert. They disbanded, in meek submission to the mandate of the same authority which had given them a being. They disappeared, and left for wondering men a lesson of magnanimity, which no human institution has ever essayed to equal. Stoutest oarsmen in the bark of St. Peter, the period of your exile was not for ever. Whether what has past away was done in policy or wisdom, is not ours to determine. Your sentence, with the acclamation of nations, has been reversed. Sons of Loyola—brothers of the angelic Xavier. The foundations of the world are upheaving. The air and elements are big with utterance. Convulsions are at hand, which will burst the prison walls that have bound them, and scatter in desolation the strongholds of impiety and schism. The coming change is pregnant with good. There are omens bidding promise to the Church of Christ. Brotherhood and charity—concord and peace—the return of the prodigal to his father's home—the in-dwelling of brethren in one house. Gather together in your might and majesty as of yore. Yours is the harvest, whose hands have implanted the seed.



FOR THE CATHOLIC EXPOSITOR.

## HISTORY OF DANTE ALIGHIERI.

BY THE CHEV. ARTAUD DE MONTOR.\*

We must not be surprised to see a history of Dante appearing, so long after his death. There is question of a memory which six centuries could not obscure, of a renown which has spread throughout the whole world, and to which the words of Virgil are applicable: *vires acquirit eundo*. It has been the glory of literature in every country, and will continue to be, as long as genius is appreciated, the object of unceasing admiration.

If there was a rock on which Dante could have been in danger of breaking, it was—and to the shame of our age be it spoken—the bad taste of a modern school who sought to disparage the *chefs-d'œuvre* of the age of Louis XIV. But happily for the glory and safety of letters, there yet remain in the world some spirits, pure and severe, like that of the Chevalier Artaud, who watch over good taste, and the conservation of the sacred fire. And this is proved by the work on which we are now remarking.

They who believe themselves best acquainted with the life and works of Dante, will be agreeably surprised at the talent with which the author has shed over his subject a new charm, and a fresh interest, which leave nothing more to be said.

In effect he has exhausted the depths of the subject. And in this, he has been aided not only by his taste for the arts and sciences, but

his peculiar position has afforded him many peculiar facilities for his work. He resided a long time at Florence in the character of *Charge d'affaires* of France: and he found himself there in a privileged capacity, with every avenue open to the investigations necessary for his undertaking. At Florence it was, that the traces of the genius and life of Dante, were most deeply impressed. Traditions, monuments, manuscripts, and—what cannot but breathe inspiration—the sight of that classic spot, the public enthusiasm, and the ever-living fame of the great Florentine poet, as great as Tasso, and not less unhappy—every thing, in fine, spoke vividly to the rich and susceptible imagination of the author. Placed in such a position, he could clearly see what was deficient, what imperfect, what inaccurate, in the writings which preceded his own; and he could rectify, revise, and correct the opinions pronounced on the works and stormy career of Dante.

In the estimation of a writer so enlightened as the chevalier, the most interesting part of his work should not consist in bringing into light a mere individual celebrity, which, after all, would be limited to the person of a poet, with whom the world is more or less, completely acquainted. His object was to give to the picture an historic physiognomy of the epoch and events with which the life of Dante was mixed up. This is what our author has not omitted. His his-

\* 1 Vol. 8vo. Adrien Leclerc, Rue Cassette, Paris.

tory is but a continual reflection from the least known part of the history of the middle ages. The political agitations—the quarrels of the Guelphs and Ghibellines—the dominant passions—the prevalent errors and notions—these were the elements which it was interesting to bring up in bold relief, and wherewith to surround the name and personage so profoundly identified with the character and circumstances of his age. Dante is but the shining point to which he has directed all the obscure facts of this epoch. This end he has well accomplished. He commences by observing :

“We will see what vicissitudes tormented Italy before the age of Dante. We will remark what uncertainties, what occasional calamities, those vicissitudes produced. We will detail the consequences, fortunate or pernicious, which passed down to the following ages. Thus the life of Dante, undertaken without fear, without passion, I dare not say without affection, will throw a light upon the barbarism which succeeded the Roman Empire, upon the first glimmerings of brighter times, and through all the phases of the literary and political events down to the evils of our own days. It will sustain the increasing admiration of the *Divina Comedia*, which, far from injuring our religious dogmas, enforces a new veneration of their mysteries. This work of Dante will fortify Catholicism with the double aid of an unsailable orthodoxy, and the charms of poetry; will even vindicate the respect due to the holy see, to which we must always return, even after the injuries heaped upon some of the pontiffs by Dante, and the military persecutions of which we have been witnesses for the last thirty years.”

Without refusing to the Florentine poet, the tribute of admiration which the works of his genius have so justly merited, we cannot consent to ap-

prove of the part which he acted in the political agitations of his country. In this respect, we cannot but avow, that he seems to us like another Coriolanus, who could not refuse his pride and ambition what he was not able to bestow a haughty patrician and grand seigneur at Florence, what made him the most fierce, ambitious, and passionate of men? Having to choose between the factions which tore his country—the one hating the German yoke—the other impatient of the papal power, he threw himself into the ranks of the former, who labored to dismember and destroy the petty states of Italy.

In this, we see nothing in Dante to recommend him to public admiration, and the gratitude of his compatriots. The part one takes in a civil war is almost always a calculation of personal interest. So much the worse for him who is deceived! The Tarpeian Rock is nigh for those who have not selected the way to the capitol. The *væ victis* was not invented for Dante: and it is very evident, that we undergo the fate, of which we have freely and advisedly run the chance. Had Dante been victorious, he would, in all probability, have trampled upon his enemies. Dante was conquered, and was trampled down by his enemies. He was too happy to have escaped by flight the vengeance which he had excited, and to have been burnt merely in effigy.

In the midst of the troubles and civil discord which then agitated the country of Dante, we cannot well discover on which side were to be found Reason and Equity; but what creates no trifling prejudice against him, and what forbids us to sympathise so much as to deplore the fate of genius—is, that the faction of the *Ghibbines*, that is, of the German emperors, at the head of which he stood at Florence, was not, historically speaking, the more favorable to the happiness and liberty of the people.



Although the philosophy, hostile to the Catholic Church, has done every thing to decry the name of *Guelph*, the party opposed to German rule; although it strives to heap ridicule upon it, because it was that of the Roman Pontiffs, still, would it be a want of judgment and justice in us, not to recognise in it the more humane and popular of the two. There was then question, in effect, between the absolute despotism of Germany which grasped all power and dominion, and the Roman authority which united itself with the efforts of Italy to operate, under the name *de Comuni*, that beginning of emancipation, which, without being republican exactly, approaches near to independence. It was on this side that the popes were ranged; not, indeed, as heads of the party of *Guelphs*—an idea which is commonly received—but because, by taking their stand, they carved out the spirit of Christianity, which was always favorable to the cause of the oppressed. It was not, then, the people who made themselves *Guelphs* for the interest of the popes, but the popes who made themselves *Guelphs* for the interest of the people. How many erroneous ideas on this subject, are to be rectified by impartial history?

The misfortunes of Dante sprang invariably from his overweening, proud, and stubborn character; and from the circumstance of his having been a *Ghibbeline* with Germany, instead of a *Guelph* with Italy. This fact renders our hearts less sensible to his lamentations, when he relates in elegiac terms—as in the following—the history of his life.

“Every where,” he exclaims, “where the Tuscan language is spoken, have I been seen to wander and to beg. I ate the bread of another, steeped in bitterness. Like a bark without rudder or sails, driven from shore to shore by the icy breath of misery, men heard of me on my voy-

age by a little noise that preceded me, and found me altogether different from what they dared believe. I showed them my wounds which misfortune had inflicted—wounds, which dishonor all who receive them.”

We may easily conceive how deep were his wounds, when we consider the relentless rigor with which he was prosecuted and judged. Independently of the sentence which condemned him to be burnt alive, on account of the extortions and prevarications alleged against him, whilst he exercised in the city the office of *Podesta*, his house was razed to its foundations, and all his effects consigned to devastation and pillage.

At an epoch when his genius had not yet entirely revealed itself by his works, which, at a later period, increased his renown, his fate excited pity in Can de la Scala, prince of Verona, who did every thing to soothe his exile, by granting him the most generous hospitality in the bosom of his family. An inmate of this petty court, whilst conversing with him, one day, in the palace, introduced into his remarks a favorite whom the prince spoiled, he said, by his bounties and predilections, though a mere *buffoon*, whilst he did so little for a man of genius like Dante. “What can you expect,” replied the poet, “*men love those whom they resemble*.” This expression cost Dante disgrace and expulsion from the State of Verona, and this trait evinces in the Florentine poet, either a great inconsistency of character, or a great fund of ingratitude.

If it be urged, that the lustre of his name and his extraordinary merit, should have secured him better treatment on the part of his fellow citizens, we will answer, that party hatred is more blind and ardent than any other; and what happened to Dante in his native city, is by no means astonishing to those who have any idea of civil dissensions. Lav-

visier was, likewise, a man worthy to be spared by the political passions, if such passions ever could spare an enemy :

Ignoscenda quidem, scirent si ignoscere. . . .

But we should not forget the words of his judges when he requested a space of fifteen days between his arrest and his execution, in order to finish an important chemical observation : *The republic does not stand in need of chemists !* The same thing would have occurred to Dante, Virgil, or Homer, if they had been placed in similar circumstances.

Under all circumstances, Dante's sufferings were useful to him. That incomparable hate, that rage of anger and animosity, which seemed to pass into his very blood, became the source from which sprang his immortal chef-d'œuvre. *Facet indignatio versum.* An implacable enemy, maddened even to paroxysm, he could find nothing short of HELL, that could satisfy his revenge.

He imagined himself descending alive into that abyss, and exploring every nook of it, for the purpose of tormenting his enemies. It is in this canto, especially, that his genius beams forth, and produces a kind of infatuation which will give to his production the name of *Divina Comedia*. What beauties in his description of hell, from which all hope is banished ! What research—what an admirable gradation of pains—what fury throughout ! *La divina Comedia !* a work, as astonishing for the originality, as for the strangeness of conception, and of which the beauties made three popes to whom it was dedicated, forget the outrages which he had lavished on the papacy. Italy, Germany, France, without distinction of *Guelphs* or *Ghibbelines*, have blended their unanimous admiration. Of the *divine comedy*, may be said, what was affirmed of the *Cid* of Corneille :

Tout Paris, pour Rodrigue, a les yeux de Chimene.

The Chevalier Artaud will contribute not a little, to awaken anew this admiration. Dante, so difficult to be understood, like all other satirical poets, stands alive under the pen of this author : and his history will give to the *Comedia* its grace, its raciness, and its gall.

We do not pretend to bring under the eyes of the reader the actions of Dante. The different periods of his life are well known. We have explained in what respect Italy was happy in having the popes as *Guelphs*, whose cause was the independence of the people. And in narrating these political and heart-burning quarrels, that the chevalier bears testimony in favor of the pontifical government. He expresses himself in the following terms :

"It was then that the Italians could not deny what they owed to the sovereign pontiffs, and afterwards to Venice, that eldest daughter of the holy see. It is true that the popes, already masters of Ravenna and the adjacent provinces, by the donations of French princes, who, during all the time when they were emperors, proved themselves their disinterested friends and benefactors in epochs of danger. It is true the popes, sovereigns of Oviedo and Viterbo, in virtue of a legacy of the Countess Matilda, had long before been masters of Rome. But in the recent events, they struggled for the liberty of all Italy."

In order to dispel every shadow that may rest on the conduct of Dante, during the troubles which afflicted his country, the following extract from the chevalier's work, deserves to be cited :

"I have proved that I had at heart to compress into my history all that might tend to explain Dante—all that might extend his renown. I have endeavored to cause to be appreciated



the conduct of the holy see, which, very far from opposing any obstacle to the aggrandisement of the genius of the Florentine poet, had more than once, encouraged the expression of gratitude made by Italy, for the glory of his works. It remains for me to exculpate Tuscany from the bitter reproaches which have sometimes been cast on her, in repeating that she was a mother *parvi amoris*.

"The reader should be convinced, as I am, that it was impossible for Dante to return to his native country, even in 1321. The minds of the people were too much agitated. The *Guelphs* possessed the power, and possessed it with a spirit of vengeance. They impressed the pride of their victory upon all their institutions, laws, usages, customs. It might be said, even, that this spirit, which admitted of no clemency, mingled itself in the most ordinary habits: and, therefore, did this illustrious *Ghibbeline* and immortal poet, expire in exile."

But it was this expatriation that effected the greatness of Dante. For it gave birth to the *Divina Comedia*.

We cannot lay aside a work so remarkable as the *History of Dante*, without yielding to the temptation of borrowing one of those magnificent pieces which so frequently occur.—Mr. Artaud, some years since, translated the *Divina Comedia*; and he does not hesitate to pronounce Dante, in the description of the serpents in the VIIIth Valley of Hell, superior to Virgil in his description of the Serpent of Laocoon:

"In the midst of this innumerable confusion of reptiles, souls, naked and frightened, were seen gliding about, deprived of all hope of refuge, or the aid of prayer, which might guarantee the fatal effects of poison. Their hands were bound with serpents, which, the more effectually to oppress them, fixed their tails and heads in the sides of the guilty, and seemed to form into one body with them. Sud-

denly a serpent stung one of these unfortunate wretches, who, in as short a time as it would require to form an *i* or an *o*, kindled into a flame, was consumed, and fell to ashes. But hardly was he consumed, than the ashes came together on the spot, and the guilty one became suddenly what he had been before. The damned remained before us, like to a man who had fallen under the efforts of a sudden constriction which intercepts the course of the vital spirits, and is the sport of the rage of the demons—then recovering for an instant from the cruel anguish that overcame him, throwing from side to side his exhausted gaze, he breathes forth into profound sighs. Oh! the severe justice of God!—thy vengeance signalizes in this manner!"

In the XXVth book, there is a still more terrific episode:

"I considered the spirits. A serpent, whose flanks were armed with three feet, each, leaps at one of them and cleaves to his body. He seized his breast with that of the middle, then he makes a deep dash at his cheeks, lays hold of his arms with his fore-feet, then binds those around his thighs, and pierces him with his tail which cleaves, in painful folds, the veins of the damned. Never did the ivy with its twisted branches, cleave as closely to the tree, as that unclean beast interlaced his members about those of the guilty wretch.—The substances of the man and the serpent began to be incorporated, to mingle their natures, and be fused into one another as if formed of burning wax. The man was no longer distinguished from the serpent: not unlike the paper which when placed before the fire assumes a darkish color without turning black, but which is no longer white. . . . The two heads formed but one: the two faces were confounded in one—in which were left the traces of both. In fine, this compound image which composed

no being, but which] figured two, marched before us with a tardy pace. Like the lizard gliding from bush to bush under the raging dog-star, traverses a field with the velocity of lightning, thus appeared a little inflamed serpent, livid and black as a grain of pepper, which advanced towards the other two spirits. This serpent stinging one of them in that part of the body which receives our first food, then fell down and remained stretched before the guilty. The wounded shade did not complain—and eyed the serpent without breaking the dread silence. Immovable, he experienced those painful languors which torment a man whom sleep or fever

oppresses. The serpent and the shade, continued to contemplate each other reciprocally. The wound of the one and the mouth of the other exhaled each a thick smoke, which mixed and confounded itself with the air.”

The manner in which the author treats of the works of Dante adds not a little to his merited reputation. It belonged to a diplomatist like himself to explain the *Monarchia* of the Florentine poet: it belonged to the distinguished biographer of Pius VII., to celebrate the immortal rival of Virgil—with whose fame the memory of the Chevalier Artaud will be for ever attached.

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## STRAY LEAVES OF MY JOURNAL.

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DR. CLARKE AND MOUNT SION.

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Of all places in the world no one is more calculated to impress a traveller by the mere aspect of its localities—by all that meets the eye in the external and prominent features of the city and its neighborhood, than Jerusalem. On approaching a place, which, next to Heaven, is hallowed by our earliest recollections as the recorded scene of divine mysteries, one insensibly calculates upon little that is earthly. The tomb of Jesus Christ, and the city of David absorb every other consideration; and upon passing its gates, the traveller feels as if he were entering a great church, in which he is surprised to find people buying and selling, and all the affairs of the world going on as elsewhere: everything, both in the city and its environs, appears out

of place, if not in immediate connexion with our former mental associations. It appears an act of levity to find one-self sketching in “Potter’s Field;”—almost a sacrilege to hear a gun discharged on the Mount of Olives—and I remember a vague feeling of something more than surprise on seeing a large English hawthorn flourishing at the fountain of Siloam, amongst the olive and fig-trees.

But independent of all the sacred characters of the place, it is a grand and imposing scene in a mere picturesque point of view. The town, and all its commanding as well as grotesque edifices, with its superencumbent height and encircling valley, are thrown about in a great variety of bold and striking combinations, ac-



according to the position from which they may be viewed. So peculiar, indeed, are the natural features of Jerusalem,—so full of that sort of grandeur and beauty of which the picturesque traveller goes in search, that one can only account for their not being celebrated, by considering the superior character and deep interests which invest the holy city.

With such materials for enjoyment, it may easily be conceived, then, with what delightful emotions the first few days are spent in wandering about amongst the many hallowed objects of the town, and its immediate neighborhood, which either nature, architecture, or tradition, designate as connected with the records of the Old or New Testament. But, alas! here, as everywhere, we find an alloy! as in the world, the first and single-hearted days of our existence there, —when our own organs of perception seize and appropriate the principal features of the place, are those alone of unmixed enjoyment,—and it is difficult to say whether the cold, calculating “fronde” of the topographical sceptic, during that hey-day of our pilgrimage, or the minute records of a fond, but overcharged credulity, as viewed in our more sedate moments, are the greater drawbacks upon our pleasure. In the first class of these torments are to be placed all sorts of irreligious people, who, under a natural revulsion of feeling from everything connected with Faith, appear to find enjoyment in throwing doubt upon every sacred association of things. Next to these, come, not seldom, enlightened or really amiable persons amongst Protestants, who, in that truly characteristic spirit, which keeps them, all their life-time, engaged in discussion and investigation, are determined to see nothing, as they are pleased to say, “through the spectacles of the priests.” Add to these, not few, in whom the mere vanity of making discoveries, wholly

overlays any propensity that may exist for quiescent or acquiescing enjoyment of things as heretofore received. The *entroit* of such persons into the Holy City, is the signal for a general *bouleversement* of all topical matters of religious meditation, and of all concentration of its feelings. This, in the more minute matters alluded to above, would be both intelligible and excusable, in those whose natural disposition partakes more of the peripatetic than of the contemplative character; but in the grand features of the place, which are considered the common property of the Faith, as at present existing, we are apt to feel a jealousy, if not some more lively repugnance, towards such intrusive Pyrrhonism.

I remember, in this way, being almost angry with the celebrated traveller Clarke, while I was standing in the cemetery of the mosque upon Mount Sion, with a large quarto of his lively and ingenious lucubrations before me, but which partook so much of the character described above, that it seemed as if the wand of Harlequin himself could scarcely boast of such transforming powers, as the new lights the Doctor had scattered over the whole city and neighborhood. It appeared to be his expectation, not only that all things should become new under the sprightly refractions of his magic-lantern—that what had hitherto been vale should be raised—what hitherto exalted should be laid low,—but that topographical scepticism, like faith itself, should be able “to move mountains;” and in this way the Doctor had, in fact, lifted Mount Sion, even Mount Sion, “which may not be removed,”—over unto the opposite side of the valley, from that on which it had hitherto been considered to stand;—but in this case of uncongenial disturbance, I had my revenge.

The data, upon which such an arch innovation was founded,—the fulcrum

upon which he raised and transferred the mountain from its present site,—were three Greek words, inscribed upon the rock of a cavern in the opposite acclivities of the hill. These words,—as the commentator read them, at least, (for, like persons impaired in the other principal organ of our perceptions, expositors can see only just as much as they wish,) were τῆς Ἁγίας Σιῶν a genitive case, which, as implying *reference* to the Holy Hill, more than identity, did not, even at first sight, appear to convey any plain indication; nevertheless, it was ushered on to the page with all the accompaniments of a “leading article;” and “discovery by the author” decorated the broad margin of that portion of the book. In a luckless moment for the Doctor’s hypothesis, I wandered round the valley towards the opposite cavern in question, and after a little surprise, on perceiving that the three magic words did not stand alone, contented myself with straining my eyes into the recognition of a large but weather-worn A, and then cut the matter short by commencing an expedition of discovery into the interior of the cavern itself. It was a little dark and dusty at first, but as my optics became used to the one, and my lungs to the other, I proceeded into the very *penetralia* of the place, and perceived that the far end of it was arranged as a sort of catacomb, in which were piled up skulls and other whitening bones that once supported the frame-work of frail mortality. On returning to the full light of day, and the farther examination of my alpha at the mouth of the cavern, I first discovered a π, and then an ο, and in place of the Doctor’s triplet of words, the quartett of ἀπὸ τῆς Ἁγίας Σιῶν informed me of a fact afterwards confirmed, that, as in the case of other limited cemeteries, the bones I had seen, had, from time to time, been removed “from the holy Sion,”—that is from the burying ground

that now surrounds the Turkish Mosque, upon the Holy Hill, and placed in the catacomb in which I had found them.

The next time I stood upon the sacred heights, and looked forth upon the surrounding scene, I enjoyed, undisturbed (by this hypothesis at least) both the present interest and past glories of this “fair place,” which was “the joy of the whole earth,” “upon the north side of which, lay the city of the great king,” “in whose palaces God was well known as a sure refuge,” before which “the kings of the earth, when they gathered their hosts and went by together, marvelled to see such things, were astonished and suddenly cast down,” for “like as we have heard, so have we seen in the city of the Lord of Hosts, in the city of our God, God upholdeth the same for ever.”

#### LEBANON.

Few spots upon the surface of this wonderful planet that we inhabit, but certainly none under the dominion of the Sublime Porte, present a pleasanter residence, for the summer or spring months, than the district of Mount Lebanon. This well-cultivated tract of the Syrian coast extends for about sixty miles along the shore of the Mediterranean, and falls on the other side of the plains of Cœlosyria, or those of the district of Damascus. The native inhabitants are Maronite Christians and Druses,—a people, of whose religion little is known, except that by professing a sort of affinity both with Christianity and Mahommedism, the result is favorable to toleration, if not good will towards both. Their prince, Ameer Bisheer, is a person of some celebrity, and has his residence at Var el Camar. The Maronite Christians are in union with the Catholic Church, differing only from the Western or Roman *discipline* in a few particulars;—their priests are allowed to



marry, and they have, I believe, in common with other ancient Eastern Churches, a ritual in their own language. The whole population, both Christian and Druses, are, of course, subjects of the Sultan, but enjoy privileges which give to this romantic and interesting region a character of freedom unseen elsewhere in the Ottoman dominions. The consequence of this has been the establishment of several fine conventual institutions, which serve as the residence and rallying point of the different Eastern Churches of Christianity; here dwells not only the patriarch of the native Maronites, but those of the Armenians, Greeks, Syrians, and others in union with the Catholic Church, as well as those who were separated by the Eastern schism. There resides here, also, a legate from the See of Rome.

The country abounds with the most sublime, as well as beautiful, scenes of nature, under various degrees of temperature,—from the deep and rocky vales that wind their way from the lofty regions of the cedars and almost perpetual snow, to the cultivated surfaces of table land, upon the declivities of the mountain, or the richer plains below. Corn, wine, and oil,—the usual triple-produce of lands girt by the blue waters of the Mediterranean,—are here abundant; and luxuriant orchards of the mulberry afford a busy harvest of the silkworm's labor during the early part of the summer; even the "fragrant herb,"—that stern and prohibited monopoly of most modern states,—is here cultivated with a freedom which proclaims aloud that there is no *ap-palto* to wage war with the organs and features of the Syrian Raleighs: and last, but not least important in an eastern clime, an abundant supply of water scatters health and vigor, as well as, by an extended system of irrigation, activity over the whole.

Such an oasis in the agricultural

wilderness of Turkey, is, indeed, a verdant spot, in a mere physical point of view; still more typical of the "green pastures of the soul," and of the "waters of comfort," is the civil and religious liberty here enjoyed by Christians.

In these days of refinement upon liberty,—of declamation against theoretical or imagined evils—the degraded condition of the followers of Jesus, in a Mahommedan country, can only be conceived by recalling to our recollection the state of the persecuted Jews, in the most intolerant periods of our own history. The oppression is of a *personal*, not merely national character,—bringing home, by daily, if not hourly, application, restriction or insult to the very hearths and domestic recesses of individuals. Political incapacity, civil or religious isolation, is not the only stamp set upon every one of "Nazareth," but prohibition of the most humiliating description enters into private life, and extends to the very form of permitted speech, and to the color of their clothes. The young Christian, in most parts of the empire, can neither mount a horse nor carry arms, nor, without risk of life, or, what is worse, ignominious torments, give vent to any of the ebullitions of youth, even in the resentment of personal insult. I see them now,—the high and haughty Eastern brow, swathed in the dingy turban of prescriptive blue—the eye that scarcely can suppress its fire—the gait of solemn but of ill-brooked submission to a stern necessity. It may easily be conceived, then, with refreshment of heart, after witnessing such tyranny as this, one looks upon a little nation, like that of Lebanon, rejoicing in the fair elastic elements of comparative freedom, with all Nature smiling around.

But it is chiefly the religious import and character of this freedom, which must be grateful to every unprejudiced

ed christian heart in a Mahomedan land. Here, for the first time since the traveller left the European shore, the sound of the bell once more salutes his ear, as it flings its inviting note around from some neighboring chapel, or the convent's tower ;—and who, be his section of Christianity what it may, will not *here* recognise its views !—here, amid deep romantic vales, or terraced on the hill that overlooks a wide expanse of sea, the incense of morning and of evening praise rises from altars, no longer concealed, but beaming with all the decorations of festive liberty and joy. Fair and lofty buildings—the cloistered residences (amongst their clergy) of patriarchs and other dignitaries of the church,—become the abodes of authority, of large hospitality, and of general resource for the poorer or lay members of their little society, as well as for the stranger and the way-faring man ; schools, and other institutions connected with education, together with a printing press, under the management, I believe, of the Armenians, are all in operation ; and as might naturally be expected, all those personal and domestic ordinances, which every ancient church never fails to impress upon the external manners of its people, are seen in redoubled prominency, as a reaction from the depression that prevails around.

The badge of the cross in all those outward signs which are of such *probationary* use in an universal Church, the members of which are scattered abroad through every variety of paganism or infidelity, is here broadly marked upon even the minor occurrences of life. Never are the Eastern Christians backward in exhibiting these where they may be “stumbling blocks” or “foolishness” to every one around, or even a source of personal danger ; but here they appear to be the indigenous produce of the social state, and to rise spontaneously

from the lips or gestures of ordinary conversation and domestic habits. A salutation upon the road—the reception of a stranger within their doors—or his departure from the enjoyment of their hospitality—the various ministrations (as one may almost call them) of the household, in which so few servants are kept, and the younger members of the family perform so much—all, from the dining hall to the bedchamber, bear an impress of religion, and certain primitive marks of the Faith.

Amongst other results, it is particularly gratifying to see the full development of that main principle of social order and happiness, arising from a broad acknowledged line of demarcation amongst its members, which, when once understood, never fails, instead of separating, to bring them closer together. Such landmarks in society, when once instinctively recognized, appear only to exist for the purpose of affording to high and low, in place of the sickening struggles and degrading heart-burnings of the present day, the luxury of unsuspected familiarity and mutual good-will, each within the precincts of the other. In Eastern life this is always and everywhere apparent in the relations of the domestic circle, but especially between father and son ; here it was visible (where in no other parts of the Turkish dominions have Christians the opportunity of exercising it) in *public* life—that is, from those relations of society, which arise from a public distinction of station, offices, or authority amongst its members. The patriarch, the shiek, or magisterial clansman, and the parish priest, are here the chief worthies of the land ; and as nothing prohibits them from a public exercise of their several functions, and as a free course is allowed to the natural results, they receive from the “brotherhood” of their people those open acknowledgments of authority and res-



pect, which revert to the younger and lower classes of society, in the form of friendly familiarity and paternal good-will. It is interesting to witness the difference, in such a state of things as this, between a heartfelt and an enforced obedience; to see the open brow and bold unfettered bearing with which the same persons, who submit with such an ill-grace to the tyranny of the Turks, bend the knee, even on the public road or street, to the patriarch of their faith, defer to the authority of the magisterial sheik, or salute the hand of the less distinguished minister of God.

All this in connexion with the interesting localities of the country,—its historical reminiscences, and the general character of the people, assumes an appearance of primitive Christianity, at once novel and impressive. The simplicity of oriental manners, even the costume itself, indelibly associated in our minds with the records of Holy Writ, the constantly recurring allusions to it in domestic habits, or even in the forms of speech, contribute to this effect.

I shall never forget the dinner-table of the venerable patriarch of the Maronites, to which I was invited shortly after my arrival in the country. The Conventual house of Kanobin, in which he holds his little court, is situated on one of the most romantic spots of the mountain. Elevated mid-way, on one side of a deep and narrow vale, it looks forth upon the dark woods of the opposite acclivities, crowned by the bare bleak summits that rise above, or, descending into the depths below, through which an impetuous stream works and frets its busy way; in one part only, the eye escapes down the winding vale which terminates at the sea. In a large summer chamber or alcove, upon a broad terrace, in front of the building (whilst in part formed from excavations in the rock itself) the apparatus of an Eastern dinner was spread out

on a large and hospitable scale; the low table—the cushions on the floor, which here take the place of chairs—to say nothing of the simple furniture of the repast itself, which, although consisting of a variety of dishes, is all prepared in a manner to require neither the use of knives and forks, nor any of those various other things which constitute the bustle of noisy attendance. The patriarch, then in his eightieth year, took his place in the centre of the table, and the guests, amongst whom, besides ourselves, were two bishops, several ecclesiastics, who had been in Italy and spoke the language, and a sheik of the country, were arranged opposite, or on his right hand, as the two places of honor. It was a singular and striking sight; one entire side of the alcove was open immediately over the depths of the ravine below, from which not only the murmur, but the freshness of the stream arose: it was a beautiful summer afternoon, and the brilliancy of the dresses (for even the ecclesiastics wear all colors indifferently) added not a little to the scene; while the absence of all those noisy concomitants of our own banquets, united with the quiet but cheerful manners of the Oriental Christians, shed a dignity and repose over the whole, which was truly “patriarchal.”

But what gratified me most, was to see the filial respect on one hand, the paternal familiarity upon the other, which seemed to pervade not only the whole extensive establishment of the venerable dignitary, but even his intercourse with those who were not attached to it. I observed that he never moved from his place until every member of the household, even the menial part, had completed their repast. Each person, according to the custom of the country, rose from the table when he had satisfied his appetite, and retired to the divan or sofas of the room for the usual desert of an Oriental dinner, coffee and the

nargillay, while another took his place at the board.

Such simplicity of manners, to say nothing of the temperance and general good sense of this as well as other portions of their mode of life, threw a charm over a few months I spent there, which remains deeply impressed upon my memory : and sure I am that the traveller who feels any congeniality with such things, will be glad to have his attention directed to a state of society unseen elsewhere, and a state of the Eastern Church which has never perhaps existed since the extinction of the Low Empire.—At all events, whether he visit the

splendid or the ascetic establishments of monastic institutions, or the not less hospitable mansions of the sheiks, and other lay members of the community,—whether he frequent the patriarchal residence just described, the vast corridors and sociable halls of the polished Armenians, upon the heights of the mountain, or the secluded depths of Mar Antoon at Koshaiia, —or whether he ascend to the friendly abodes of the Sheiks of Eden and Bisharraï, he will at least acknowledge that a summer spent upon Lebanon, if it present no other prominent feature of attraction, is characterized by that of novelty. Z.

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FOR THE CATHOLIC EXPOSITOR.

## VOLTAIRE'S LIFE, POLITICAL, LITERARY AND MORAL.

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BY M. LEPAN.

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### CHAPTER III.

But will it be believed that Voltaire was ignorant of its publication, as Condorcet asserted, when the following extract from one of his letters is left to the reader's judgment ?\*—"Notwithstanding my repeated requests, to omit at least what related to *Pascal's Thoughts*, the letter concerning it was added to the others." To whom did Voltaire make these reiterated "requests?" Can there be any thing better calculated to prove that this SECRET edition was printed with his knowledge, and even under his eye? How could he pos-

sibly have known that letter above alluded to, formed part of the work? Why all these repeated requests, if unnecessary?

Whilst Voltaire's friends were endeavoring to suppress the excitement caused by this affair, he went to Cirey, on the frontiers of Champagne and Lorraine, whence he travelled into Belgium and Holland. He returned towards the close of February, 1735, and again went to Cirey, in June of the same year, upon the Duke of Richelieu's and the keeper of the seals' word that he would be safe.† It was at Cirey, in the castle of the Marchioness du Chatelet, that he en-

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\* Letter to M. de Formont, April 25, 1734.

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† Letter to Thiriot, 1735.



joyed the comforts of a home for fifteen years.

Clairaut, the celebrated geometrician, spent some time at Cirey, and it was for the Marchioness du Chatelet, that he composed the work, entitled *Elements of Geometry*.

It was probably the society of this *savant*, which inspired Voltaire with a taste for natural philosophy; he devoted himself particularly to this science, and according to his wonted habit, in the acquisition of any branch of scientific knowledge, from being a pupil he soon fancied himself a master. He proceeded to publish an exposition of the discoveries of Newton under the title of the *Elements of Newtonian Philosophy, placed within the reach of all*. He reserved 150 copies for himself, and caused them to be distributed to the principal magistrates and literati.

Voltaire's biographers have often extolled his generosity, this is repeated by his admirers, who incessantly repeat that he was the munificent friend of numberless literary men; but as these fortunate individuals are not mentioned by them, nor the generosity of which they were the recipients described, it will not, perhaps, be considered amiss to supply this omission on their part.

Lamarre, Linant, Baculard d'Arnauld, the Chevalier de Mouhy, and Berger, are we believe all those whom our researches have enabled us to ascertain as having been participants of the bounty of the wealthiest writer in all probability that ever existed.

It was the Chevalier de Mouhy, who received the largest sum from Voltaire. He was the author of an *Abridged History of the French Theatre*; it is sufficient to peruse this work once to appreciate the literary talent of its author. He was a correspondent of Voltaire, and his business was to send him *brief pieces of intelligence, facts without being com-*

*mented upon, and, moreover, expected to be a strictly secret correspondent*. For these services, he received at most two hundred francs,\* annually. Lamarre, who occasionally wrote a preface (it was him who furnished that of the *Death of Cæsar*), received in proportion to the importance of his task, from fifty to one hundred-and-twenty francs. Berger and Thiriot, having declined writing the preliminary remarks of the edition of 1736, of the *Henriad*, Linant undertook to do it.†

Baculard d'Arnauld was yet pursuing his philosophical course at the Harcourt College, when Voltaire wrote to M. Moussinot, his treasurer, requesting him to send for this young man, and to give him twelve francs and a small manuscript; we are ignorant of the title of the M. S., and what he was to do with it. The second office required of him was apparently of more importance. Voltaire wrote as follows: "Give this little notice to young D'Arnauld, after you have *copied it yourself*, after which you will have the goodness to return me the original. . . . It will be requisite that he should sign it, in order that I may not have the blame of having made that indispensable notice. You will give fifty francs to D'Arnauld, June, 1738." As to Berger, who was a particular favorite of Voltaire, if we are to believe his own letters, he occasionally loaned him as much as one hundred francs, upon his *note*!

It was to individuals, distinguished alike by their rank and station in society, that Voltaire granted more important favors of money. By this means, besides the interest obtained for money thus loaned, he secured the powerful protection of those persons, of which he took good care to

\* About forty dollars.

† Voltaire's letter to Berger, Sept. 10, 1736.

avail himself when necessary. We find his debtors to be Villars Richelieu, Destaing, Guise, Guebriand, Dauneuil, Lezeau, De Breze. We must not, however, be led to suppose that these loans were effected without a careful inquiry into the pecuniary circumstances of the applicants. This was by no means the case; for, in October, 1757, we find Voltaire writing to M. Moussinot as follows: "Is M. de Breze safe? If so, after mature deliberation on the subject, you will ask M. Michel to let you have twenty thousand livres, which you will give to M. de Breze, it is to be an annuity at ten per cent interest."

If he was careful to invest his funds safely, he was not the less so as to the punctuality with which the interest was paid. "M. Destaing is my debtor, and seeks by chicanery to evade payment, or at least to gain time, a suit must be commenced against him at once. We must not allow any delay of the kind, if possible, to occur with respect to debtors."\* "I particularly recommend to your vigilance Lezeau, Dauneuil, Villars, Destaing, Arouet (his brother), and others, it is best to accustom them to pay regularly, and not to permit them to contract habits of negligence."†

It is far from our purpose to reprehend prudence and regularity, even in a literary man; our object has simply been to furnish an answer to those who have awarded unbounded praise to Voltaire's generosity and disinterestedness; the possession of this latter virtue, we think he is still less entitled to if possible, than the former. Condorcet asserted, that our author did not derive any emolument from his writings, nay, that he even allowed the actors to receive the proceeds. One proof of the reverse will be adduced, and as it relates to one of his minor pieces, it leads to the

presumption that he pursued a similar course with others. "If this child has really earned his bread, (letter to the Marquis d'Argental, Feb. 25th, 1737, alluding to his play of the *Prodigal Child*,) I beg that you would attend to having his earnings sent me, all expenses being paid." He wrote thus in order to obtain the remuneration due him as author of the piece, according to the number of times it had been performed. He wrote to Berger, in 1736, in relation to the manuscript of this piece, as follows: "I send by this mail, the piece and its preface, to be printed by the publisher who will make the *best offer for it*; I do not wish to gratify *any of those gentlemen*, for they are like actors, the creation of authors, and they are very ungrateful towards their creators. . . . You will therefore negotiate with the least dishonest and least ignorant publisher you can find." Voltaire has occasionally dealt with printers, as Dr. Bartolo dealt with Figaro. Our readers know that the doctor lodged the barber *gratis*, upon the barber's promise of ten gold pistoles yearly, likewise *gratis*. Listen to the author of the *Henriad*, stating his arrangements with Prault the publisher, for the twentieth edition of that poem. "*I give him the Henriad*, on condition of his *giving me* seventy-two magnificently bound and gilt copies. In addition to this, I must have one hundred copies at cost price, in sheets, I am to get these bound at my expense."‡

The reader will observe, that no difference exists between the Spanish barber and the French printer, save that the one only promised the ten pistoles, and that in this case, the copies were actually furnished by the other.

The following is a curious instance of the generosity of the Cræsus of literature. M. de Laclede, had re-

\* Letter to Moussinot, June, 1738.

† Ibid., Jan. 2, 1739.

‡ Letter to Berger, 1736, L. S.



cently died, and Voltaire wrote to Berger on that occasion, the following: "I lent him on *his note*, three hundred livres, and Legras, the bookseller, paid me the amount. The next day I lent him fifty livres *without note*. If you could have those fifty livres paid, I would take the liberty of earnestly requesting you to purchase with it, a small antique ring, which I would beg you to wear for M. de Laclede's sake and mine!"\*

We will merely add another example of Voltaire's munificence: he had *presented* his tragedy of the *Scythians*, to Lacombe the bookseller, telling him that the avails of its publication should of course belong to him; and that he (Voltaire) relinquished all profits which might arise from its sale.

This was in February, 1767; two months afterwards, he wrote to Lacombe: "I beg that you would make a present of twenty-five louis d'or to Lekain, for his trouble. If you lose by your publication, I am ready to indemnify you for your loss; you have but to speak." It will readily be conceded, that such acts of *liberality* did not a little contribute to augment Voltaire's fortune. Might not his own description of Frederic II., be applied to himself? "How many acts of cunning generosity he performs, they cost nothing, and yet bring in large returns."†

The success which the tragedy of *Alzira* had obtained, in 1736, had encouraged Voltaire's admirers, and diminished the severity of public opinion against its author. It is not to be denied, that such is the French character, that no matter how much opposed we may be to an individual, yet if this individual performs a meritorious action, or becomes the author of some valuable work, we are disposed to become friendly towards him,

and to do all we can in his favor, instead of persecuting him. Voltaire was well aware of this national foible and frequently availed himself of it. He did not allow this opportunity to pass without coming to Paris, where, although he made but a short stay, yet this brief sojourn was spent in gaining friends. Lachaussee must have been one of them. He sent the following note to Lachaussee: "For eight successive days, sir, have I sought for your residence, in order to introduce *Alzira* to the Frenchman, who understands, and cultivates most successfully, the difficult art of making good verses."

The Saurins, the Champforts, the Diderots, and other second-rate writers, were also duly flattered by Voltaire, it was the principal means by which he tried to draw into his ranks those whom he supposed might hereafter exert a certain influence on public opinion. If he heard any promising young man spoken of, as possessing an inclination towards infidel opinions, he would endeavor, by working upon his imagination, to inculcate his principles. If he saw that his pupil did not embrace his sentiments with zeal, he would abandon him, as was the case with D'Arnaud. But, on the other hand, when the disciple responded to his wishes, then, indeed, he became his protector and defender against all attacks; this was his course towards Marmontel, he sent for him at Paris, and was his persevering friend, and also Diderot's.

Laharpe and his wife, were entertained for a whole year at Ferney, for no other reason, than simply, because he had adopted the principles of his host, whom he considered the strongest support of the infidel party; Voltaire called him his *dear child*.—At length this erring *child* acknowledged his error, and atoned for it by a complete change of life, as edifying as his previous course was the reverse.

\* Letter to Berger, 1736, L. S.

† Letter to D'Argental, Dec. 2, 1767.

Voltaire's system of tactics did not content itself with the mere elevation of those writers, who coincided with him in his views. He sought also to lessen all those who, not having expressed similar opinions, had won for themselves a name in the literary world. His injustice in reviling the two brothers, Corneille, is well-known.

To borrow the idea of an estimable author, he has reduced Voiture's merit, to four well written pages; that of Lafontaine, to thirty fables, and that of John Baptist Rousseau, to three or four odes.

Racine,\* Crebillon, Bossuet, Fene-

\* It is generally believed that Voltaire in his "Commentaries" upon the works of Corneille, always praised Ra-

lon, Massillon, Montesquieu, Gresset, Piron, Destouches, and many others, nay, even Boileau, fared no better, although the latter had often been quoted by him as a master, and whom Voltaire attacked in a rhyming epistle. It will be asked, whence all this hatred for Boileau? He had always expressed much esteem for him.—The sole cause of this change of opinion, originated in a parallel drawn by the Abbe Batteux, in 1746, between the *Henriad*, and Boileau's *Lutrin*, wherein the abbe gave the preference to the latter poem.

cine; it would be easy to convince any one of the contrary, by a perusal of some passages of these commentaries.

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FOR THE CATHOLIC EXPOSITOR.

## DISSERTATION ON THE CANON OF THE HOLY SCRIPTURES IN THE CATHOLIC CHURCH, AND THE EPOCH OF ITS FIRST PROMULGATION.

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BY THE ABBE SIONNET.

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[Concluded.]

17. The tradition of the Latin Church, confirmed by that of the Greek and the heretical sects, prove to us then, that the canon of the holy Scriptures, promulgated by the holy Council of Trent, existed in the church as an ecclesiastical law, from the 5th century of our era. In short, every thing points out to us from this period, the existence of a fixed canon; as well the mention that Theodoret makes of the 70 books of the Scriptures,\* as the anathema which the

Council of Toledo pronounces against those, who admit any books other than those received by the Catholic Church;† and especially, these so emphatic words of St. Augustine: "For who is ignorant that the holy canonical Scripture both of the Old and New Testament, is contained in

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† 1st Council of Toledo, A. D. 402, Canon 12. "If any one shall have said or believed that any other Scriptures, besides those which the Catholic Church receives, are to be held in authority or venerated; let him be anathema."

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\* Theodoret, in Psal. lxxiii.



its own certain and fixed limits.”\*—  
 “With a wholesome vigilance the ecclesiastical canon hath been framed, unto which the certain and approved books of the Prophets and Apostles may belong.”† “We receive the New and Old Testaments in that precise number of books which the authority of the holy Catholic Church delivers unto us.”‡

18. In the book of *Christian doctrine*, the holy doctor transcribes the canon, which *the church had framed with a wholesome vigilance*, and this canon, § identical with that of Pope Innocent I., and also with that of the Council of Trent, differs from those collected from the writings of the Fathers by Saints Athanasius|| and Rufinus, ¶ insomuch that it allows canonicity to books that these doctors expressly declare to be not received into the canon.\*\* During the short interval that elapsed between the appearance of their works and the time at which St. Augustine wrote, the church had therefore promulgated a decree, which gave to the canon a perfection it had not until then enjoyed.

19. This consequence, which re-

sults necessarily from a series of argumentation based upon facts, utterly overthrows the hypothesis that would attribute this decree to the Council of Nice. The passage of St. Jerome, †† on which its supporters depend for the imputing the decree to that council, may easily be understood of citations of the book of Judith as an inspired book; and as to the mention in Cassiodorus of the Council of Nice, as one of those that had drawn up a catalogue of the sacred books, †† that must be ranked amongst the errors of this author or his copyists; when we take into consideration the profound silence, that all antiquity maintains regarding this pretended act of the first general council.

20. The Councils of Hippo, A. D. 393, and of Carthage, A. D. 397, in which we find a canon of the holy books similar to that of the Council of Trent, were held in the interval we have fixed upon; but these councils being particular, cannot be considered as the organ of the church, and furthermore, they themselves declare that the books, whereof they give the catalogue, were already in the pos-

\* St. Aug. De Baptismo., Lib. XI. no. 4.

† Id. Contra Cresconium, Lib. XI. no. 39.

‡ Id. Sermo de tempore, 191. The Benedictines have rejected this sermon in the Appendix, No. 236, alleging it to be the profession of faith, which Pelagius addressed to the sovereign pontiff. But as this ascription still leaves the same antiquity to this testimony, we have felt justified in citing it in favor of our thesis, *that the church had published a canon of the holy books before the fifth century of our era.*

§ Id. Lib. II., de doc. Christ., no. 13.

|| S. Athan. Fest. Ep. 39. Councils of Labbe and Cossart, Tom. II., fol. 1709.

¶ Rufinus, Symbol. expos., no. 38.

\*\* After having enumerated the deuterocanonical books of the Old Testament, and among them Baruch and the Epistle of Jeremias, and also all the

books of the New, St. Athanasius says: “There are also other books, which have not indeed been admitted into the canon, but which the Fathers have appointed to be read. . . . The Wisdom of Solomon, the Wisdom of Sirach, Es-ther, Judith, and Tobias.” And Rufinus; “These are they that the Fathers have included in the canon. . . . We must know, however, that there are also other books which have been styled by the ancients *ecclesiastical*, and not canonical; as, the Wisdom of Solomon, and another Wisdom, called, of the Son of Sirach, which book by the Latins is termed *Ecclesiasticus* . . . of the same class is the books of Tobias, Judith, and the Machabees.”

†† “Because we read that the Nicene Synod reckoned this book (Judith) in the number of holy Scriptures, I have consented to your request.” St. Jerome Preface to Judith.

‡‡ Cassiodorus, Inst. div., p. 146.

session of canonicity, "Now these are the CANONICAL Scriptures."

21. There is extant, among the ecclesiastical documents referred to the pontificate of St. Damasus, (from A. D. 366, to A. D. 384,) a decree concerning the sacred books, which must be that we are in search of, if this holy pope be really its author. But as doubts have been raised upon this subject, it becomes necessary, before making use of it, to establish its origin, which we purpose to do with brevity in the following discussion.

22. The additions made to the primitive collection of Dionysius the Less, A. D. 500), probably by the author himself, since they embrace only writings that had appeared anteriorly; the collection of Cresconius, A. D. 670; the very ancient anonymous collection, contained in a manuscript of the 8th century, belonging to the Convent of St. Mark at Florence,\* and that of the chapter of Verona, written about the same period, contain a Council held at Rome under Pope Damasus, *on the formulas of faith, and the books to be admitted or rejected.*† In this council, after a decree on the Holy Spirit regarded by antiquity as the complement of the profession of faith made at Nice,‡ under the following heading: "*We must now treat of the divine Scriptures,*

*of that which the universal Catholic Church receives, and of what it ought to avoid,*" there is to be found a decree in three parts; the first of which is a catalogue of "*the books which the Holy Catholic and Roman Church receives and honors*;" the second, a list of the councils and writings that are to be admitted; and the third, a list of apocryphal books, that is, of those which merit some censure, for it is in this sense that the word apocryphal is used in this passage.§ At the beginning of the second part is placed a paragraph on the divine primacy of the holy see of Rome, and the rank which the sees of Alexandria and Antioch, occupy after it, by reason of the share that St. Peter, the head of the Apostolic College, had had in their foundation.

23. All critics acknowledge this Council to be of St. Damasus; nor could they do otherwise, seeing that the manuscripts agree in attributing it to this pope. But some among them deny the authenticity of the principal part (the decree concerning the books), although it is given by the same MS. and announced in the title; and assign as their reason, that this decree contains some names of councils and authors posterior to Damasus, and that, in the manuscripts where it is found isolated, it bears the name of Gelasius, and even that of Hormisdas.

\* Vide the brothers Ballerini, Tome III. of their edition of the works of St. Leo. De ant. collect. canon., Part II. Ch. xi.

† The manuscript of Florence reads thus: "Incipit concilium urbis Romæ sub Damaso papa de exemplaribus fidei, et de recipiendis et non recipiendis libris." The manuscript of the Vatican, 5845: "Concilium urbis Romæ sub Damaso papa de explicatione fidei (*cod. cassanat.* D. IV. 23. de expositione fidei): dictum est: prius agendum est de SPIRITU SEPTIFORMI, &c. The manuscript of Frisingen, of the 8th century, like that of Florence.

‡ Pope Adrian says, in the collection of canons attributed to him, that the de-

crees of the Council of Carthage, A. D. 419, may be admitted: "*Salva et incolumi fide catholica quæ apud Nicæam Bithiniæ a CCCXVIII patribus exposita est, et postea iterum in urbe Roma DE SPIRITU SANCTO ab episcopis catholicis salubriter ADJECTUM EST.*" Ballerini, opere supradicto. 4. Baluzius, Notes on Gratian, p. 446. Fontanini, de Antiquitatibus Hortæ, lib. II. cap. iii. no. 3.

§ "Et non improvide veneranda patrum sapientia fidei posteritati quæ essent catholica dogmata definiit; CERTA LIBRORUM ETIAM VETERUM in auctoritatem recipienda, sancto spiritu inestruente, præfigens, &c. Hormisdas, Ep. LXX.—Councils of Labbe.



24. In consequence of this double inscription, these critics are divided respecting the author of the decree. Some concede its authorship to Hormisdas, because several works mentioned therein did not appear until after Gelasius; others to Gelasius, inasmuch, as Hormisdas himself cites our decree, as *the work of the venerable wisdom of the Fathers*, and particularly as the writers of the 9th century,\* and the collections of Burchard, 1020, of Yves of Chartres, 1092, and of Gratian, 1151, attribute it to this pope. These last explain the presence in the decree of works posterior to the year 494,† by the additions of copyists derived from the edition which Hormisdas has given, as is proved by his name inscribed at the head of some manuscripts.

25. This explanation, which we adopt for the councils and writings posterior to Damasus mentioned in the decree, that contains the acts of the council regarding the faith, will be readily admitted by all those, whom the constant use of manuscripts shall have initiated into the manner in which the copyists have been accustomed to act, and with it disappears the principal motive had to deny its authenticity, insomuch that it was considered to be the work of Damasus: for the references made to it under the name of Gelasius by authors of the 9th century only prove that at that epoch it was hardly known but from the edition of this pope, and cannot avail against the positive testimony of Dionysius, of Cresconius, and of the manuscripts of the 8th century,‡ which say that Damasus is its author.

\* See the names of these authors in Fontarini, De Antiquitatibus Hortæ, Book II. chap. 3.

† The year, in which the decree on the holy Scriptures was promulgated for the second time, by Gelasius.

‡ That of Frisingen must be placed in the first rank of these manuscripts;

26. If the reference that Hormisdas makes to it prove evidently that this pope has not composed it, other proofs equally convincing establish its existence at an epoch far anterior to that of Gelasius. It is in short of our decree that St. Augustine speaks, when in book XV., chap. 23 of the *City of God*, he tells us, that the canonical books had been separated after a diligent examination from those composed by heretics, under the name of Apostles and Prophets, and that they had been rejected with the qualification of Apocryphal.§ It is to it that Pope Innocent I. refers, when, after having given the canon of the sacred books, (as above, No. 16), he adds, "As to the other books that exist, under the name of Matthew, or of James the Less, or of Peter, or of John, which have been written by a certain Leucius; or those under that of Thomas; and if there be any other such, know that they are not only to be rejected, but also condemned."|| It is from its authority, that, in the catalogue of canonical books given by these two holy doctors, Job is placed at the beginning of the historians, "*Catalogue of histories; Job, one book*," contrary to the Jewish tradition, which ranks it among the Hagiographa. And, finally, it can hardly be gainsayed but that it is to St. Jerome makes allusion, when he writes: "Among the Hebrews, the

Mansi has published its *variantes* in Tome VIII. of his *Amplissima collectio*.

§ "Many writings," says this Father in the above-named passage, "under the names likewise of other Prophets, and later ones under those of the Apostles, are spread abroad by heretics, all of which after a diligent examination have been set aside by canonical authority under the name of Apocryphal."

|| All these books are found mentioned, together with their author, in the third part of our decree, which terminates thus: "These, and all similar ones, we confess, are not only to be rejected, but also condemned."

book of Judith is read among the Hagiographa: . . . but notwithstanding this, in the Chaldee version it is reckoned among the histories ;”\* for, in what other canon anterior to this Father is Judith ranked in the number of historical books, and this, notwithstanding (tamen) the authority of the Jews who counted this book among the Hagiographa? Gelasius is not then the author of our decree, and the fact of his name being placed at the head of several copies proves therefore only, that, like Hormisdas had done before him, he had given thereof an enlarged edition.

27. If this conclusion had need of being supported by new proofs, we would remark that the nature of the decree, as well as the mention made in it of the divine titles of the primacy of the holy see, and also the authority therein accorded to the judgment of Jerome, who is supposed to be yet living,† from the manner in which he is spoken of, refer its composition to Pope Damasus. In the first place, the nature of the decree ; for it condemns the books, which the heresi-

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\* St. Jerome, Preface to Judith.

† See in Fontarini, Appendix to the Antiquities of Horta, that part of the decree where mention is made of Rufinus and Origen. All the verbs being in the present, it seems that we must conclude from thence, that St. Jerome, whose judgment is related, was still living. The authority of St. Jerome in this decree is so manifest, that the author of a Prologue, placed at the head of the edition of Gelasius in a manuscript of Lucca ; an author whom Mansi believes to be St. Gelasius himself, expresses himself thus, (we copy with all the faults of the original) : “*Ibi intelligimus illud, ubi dixit quod bonum est tenete ad repellendas vel a catholicis renuendas scripturas esse, (cognovimus quas etiam vir eruditissimus Hieronymus repudiavit esse damnatos) sufficit nobis dicere ut ab omni specie mala abstineamus.*” Mansi, Amplissima collection, Tome VIII., fol. 155.

arch Priscillian had either composed himself, or caused to be composed under the name of the Apostles and Patriarchs, in order to uphold his errors ;‡ and to whom this pope refused even an audience, when he came to Rome for the purpose of obtaining absolution from the sentence passed upon him in the Council of Saragossa.§ The admonitory repetition of the apostolic titles, that Rome, Alexandria, and Antioch, had to the rank they respectively occupied amongst the churches of the universe, must have been made at the time in which the Oriental bishops assembled at Constantinople had dared, contrary to the authority of the Fathers, to give the second rank to the bishop of that city, through the simple and only motive, that it was the second in the empire.|| Lastly, no one could concede more authority to St. Jerome, than the pope who had appointed him pontifical secretary, and who consulted him on the most important points of biblical exegesis.¶

28. These last considerations, all of them confirming the authenticity of our decree, fix the epoch at which the council was held of which it forms part, an epoch otherwise uncertain, in the course of the years 383, or 384. For it was in the year 381, that Priscillian came to Rome, in order there to try to obtain an approval of his doctrine. It was in this same year, that the bishops of the east enacted their canon in favor of Constantinople ; and but in the year 382,

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† Vide First Council of Toledo, and that of Braga in the *Spanish Councils* of Garcia Loaysia, Madrid. 1593, pp. 49 and 118, also St. Leo the Great, in his Epistle to Turribius, Bishop of Asturias, edition of the brothers Ballerini, Tome I., fol. 706.

§ Vide the Ecclesiastical History of Sulpicius Severus, Book II. chap. lxiii

|| First Council of Constantinople.

¶ See the Epistles of this Pope to St. Jerome.



that St. Jerome having come into Italy, was created secretary of the sovereign pontiff.

29. The extent of the decree of Damasus, and the necessity we would be under of publishing it in its original language, were we to give it entire, force us to confine ourselves for the present to the transcribing the first part, the only portion which has a direct relation to the question we have undertaken to resolve. The text we shall follow, for this part is the Manuscript of Frisingen written in the 8th century, a complete collation of which was sent to the learned Mansi, by Froben Forster, Prior and Librarian of St. Emmeran, at Ratisbon.\* After the title: "*Of the Council held in the city of Rome under Pope Damasus, on the formulas of faith, and the books to be admitted or rejected,*" is found a decree on the Holy Ghost, which commences thus: "*It hath been said; we must first treat of the seven-fold Spirit which rests in Christ,*" &c. After which the decree begins, as follows: "*Like-wise it hath been said: We must now treat of the divine Scriptures, of that which the universal Catholic Church receives, and of what it ought to avoid.*" Beginning of the catalogue of the books of the Old Testament which the holy and Catholic Roman Church receives and honors, viz: Genesis, one book; Exodus, one book; Leviticus, one book; Numbers, one book; Deuteronomy, one book; Jesus Nave, one book; Judges, one book; Ruth, one book; Kingdoms, four books; Paralipomena, two books; 150 Psalms, one book; three books of Solomon, Proverbs, Ecclesiastes, and the Canticle of Canticles. In like manner, Wisdom, one book; Ecclesiasticus, one book. In like manner, catalogue of Prophets. Isaias, one book; Jeremias, together with

Cinoth or his Lamentations, one book; Ezechiel, one book; Daniel, one book; Oseas, one book; Amos, one book; Micheas, one book; Joel, one book; Abdias, one book; Jonas, one book; Nahum, one book; Habacuc, one book; Sophonias, one book; Aggæus, one book; Zacharias, one book; Malachias, one book. In like manner, catalogue of Histories. Job, one book; Tobias, one book; Esdras, two books; Esther, one book; Judith, one book; Machabees, two books. In like manner, catalogue of the Scriptures of the New and Eternal Testament, which the holy and Catholic Church receives. Four books of Gospels, according to Matthew, one book; according to Mark, one book; according to Luke, one book; according to John, one book; Acts of the Apostles, one book; the Epistles of Paul the Apostle, in number XIV: to the Romans, one Epistle; to the Corinthians, two Epistles; to the Ephesians, one Epistle; to the Thessalonians, two Epistles; to the Galatians, one Epistle; to the Philippians, one Epistle; to the Colossians, one Epistle; to Timothy, two Epistles; to Titus, one Epistle; to Philemon, one Epistle; to the Hebrews, one Epistle. In like manner, the Apocalypse of John, one book. In like manner, the canonical Epistles, in number seven: of Peter the Apostle, two Epistles; of James the Apostle, one Epistle; of John the Apostle, three Epistles; of Jude Zelotes the Apostle, one Epistle. End of the Canon of the New Testament." In this decree, Damasus simply declares, as the title imports, the faith of the *Holy Catholic Roman Church* regarding the inspiration of the books, which he enumerates, and consequently that of all other churches, which were bound to harmonize with the Church of Rome, by reason of the primacy she enjoyed,† and the fide-

\* Mansi, Nova et amplissima collectio, Tome VIII. fol. 154.

† "Unto this Church, (the Roman),

ty with which she preserved without alteration the tradition of the Apostles: so that his canon is the authentic proof of the testimony rendered to these books by Christ and his Apostles, and therefore of their inspiration. For, in the first place, at this time, according to our adversaries themselves, the church yet preserved in its purity the doctrine she had received from her Founder. And secondly, the testimony of God, or of ambassadors known to speak in his name, has always been the token by which the inspired writings have been determined. "Anciently, among the Hebrews," says Eusebius, "it was not to the multitude that it appertained to judge what were the words uttered by the Holy Spirit, which the inspired canticles. Among them there was but a small number of persons, to whom the Holy Ghost had communicated the virtue of discerning the Scriptures, and it was these alone that had the power of determining the books of the Prophets, and of rejecting those that had not been written by divine inspiration."\* This doctrine was also that of the Christians of the first ages, as it is easy to be convinced of, by reading the books of Christian Doctrine, of St. Augustine, and the works of Bellarmin, Stapleton, and other controvertists.

30. To the consequence we draw from the canons of Damasus, Innocent I., &c., Protestants oppose the silence which the Catalogues of Melito, Origen,† and the Council of Lao-

by reason of its pre-eminent dignity (*potentior principalitatem*) [Better rendered 'Supreme Headship,'] it is necessary for every other church to resort, that is, all the faithful every where; in which church hath always been preserved that tradition which cometh down from the Apostles." St. Irenæus, *Con. Hær. lib. III., cap. iii.*

\* Eusebius, *Præpar. Evangel. lib. XII. cap. v. and xxiii.*

† See their Catalogues, *infra*, Nos. 36 and 37.

dicea maintain, respecting some of the books contained therein; concluding from this silence, that these books were not in the first ages looked upon as inspired. But their argumentation rests upon a false supposition. For these authors have not intended to enumerate the books acknowledged for divine in the Christian Church, but rather those which the Jews received. Origen tells us so expressly,‡ and Melito gives us to understand the same in sufficiently plain terms, in remarking, that he had compiled his catalogue from the tradition of the Jews of Jerusalem.§ Besides, the end which this last author had in view, can leave no doubt respecting the nature of his canon. He wished in short to ascertain the books of the Prophets to which he might appeal, and on which he could rely in order to demonstrate the Incarnation of the Word and the Christian religion, against those who attacked it, namely, the Jews and Pagans. Now we cannot establish the truth of a proposition, but by means of authorities that are not contested by our opponents, and we know that the Jews did not allow the same authority to all the inspired books,|| and that the Pagans

† See No. 37.

‡ "The love you have for truth," writes Melito to Onesimus, "having impelled you often to solicit me to make a collection of what there is in the Law and the Prophets, concerning the Incarnation of the Word, and the Christian religion; and to testify to me your great desire to know the number and order of the books of the Old Testament . . . I have been in the East, and having repaired to the very places where the mysteries have been published and accomplished, I have learned which are the books of the Old Testament. Of these, the following is the catalogue." *Ecclesiastical History of Eusebius, Book IV. chap. xxvi.*

|| "There is no contradiction in our books, because they have been composed by Prophets, who wrote under Divine inspiration. . . . We have only



looked upon those alone as authentic, that were admitted by the Jews.\* It was, therefore, these books that Melito had to collect, and this he has done, as is proved by the agreement of his catalogue with those which we know positively to present the canon of the synagogue.†

31. The Fathers of the Council of Laodicea, in like manner, designed only to reproduce the canon of the Jews. For albeit their decree, conformable to that of these enemies of the Christian name, contains not the books, which we shall hereafter see (No. 34,) to have been received by the church though rejected by the Jews; yet it had an end in view which would not permit them to name any other. It regulates, in short, the books that were to be read publicly in the church, in a country where idolatry was still existing; and during the time, in which, according to the dis-

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twenty-two of these books, which contain the history of all past times, . . . . until the reign of Artaxerxes. . . . It is true our history has been written since Artaxerxes, but these writings have not been esteemed of the SAME AUTHORITY with the former by our forefathers; because there has not been a certain succession of Prophets since that time." Josephus, Book I, Against Apion.

\* "The Jews as though slaves of ours carry around with them our books, so that when the Pagans refuse to give credit to those things we affirm to have been foretold of Christ, supposing them as it were to have been forged by us, let us send them to the enemies of our faith, the Jews." S. Augustine, on Psalm lxvi. The same Father, City of God, Book XVIII. chap. 46, thus enforces the same thought: "For us, indeed, those prophecies suffice that are taken from the books of our enemies, which we acknowledge on account of this very testimony which they reluctantly render us." Consult also St. Justin's Discourse to the Gentiles.

† Compare the Catalogue of Melito given below, No. 36, with those of Origen and St. Epiphanius, Nos. 37 & 38.

cipline in use in the 4th century, the catechumens, in the same way as the Jews and Pagans, were allowed to be present in the temple, there to give ear to the preaching of the glad tidings of salvation.‡ In view of these facts, could we reasonably expect them to have prescribed the exhibition before such an auditory of writings, that were objects of disrespect to a great number of those who composed it?§ Would not prudence exact that they should confine themselves to the works, that were acknowledged by all of them to possess authority?

32. We shall add that the canon of the Council of Laodicea is much suspected in the eyes of critics. For it is not to be found in the primitive Latin version, contained in the very ancient collection published by Quesnel under the title of *Codex canonum Ecclesiæ Romanæ*. It is wanting in the version of Dionysius the Less, of the 6th century, and also in the Syriac version made from the Greek in the 7th century, at latest. A very ancient Greek synodicon, quoted by the author of *Defense des livres des Machabees*, does not contain it. And finally, the Greek canonist Blastares, who conceives it to be authentic, is

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‡ See the XIXth canon of the Council of Laodicea, and the passages quoted by the Abbe de Moissy, *Methode de Peres*, chap. XII. [It may be observed, en passant, that all the ancient canons enacted by public authority, are conformable with the Catholic, and that none of them favor the Protestant scheme of the holy Scriptures. Note even this local council of but 22 bishops can form an exception, the authority of which as admitted even by Protestant authors, was limited to its own province. For, in the LXth canon, the one here referred to, Baruch is received, and the Apocalypse excluded from the catalogue. Translator's Note.]

§ This is what Origen affirms of the Jews when referred to books they did not acknowledge. Reply to Julius Africanus.

for us a sure warrant that this canon, such as it stands in the Greek collections of modern date, has been altered; since he assures us that it was but the mere and simple transcript of the 85th canon of the Apostles, from which that we now possess differs in several important points. Now a canon so doubtful cannot counterbalance the positive and certain testimonies by which we are supported.

33. If, while instructing the catechumens, and combating the Pagans and Jews, the Fathers cite only the books received by the synagogue, they nevertheless take care to remark when speaking to Christians, that even though these books alone might suffice for the preaching of the gospel, and the establishing its doctrine against unbelievers,\* there were yet other books which "those who wished to advance in the way of piety ought to read and esteem the same as those of the canon, (Jewish) seeing that they were equally distinct from the Apocryphal writings, that is to say, equally divine."†

34. The church then received some books that the synagogue did not admit. "We must not omit," says St. Augustine, in his *Speculum*, "those books that are known to have been composed before the advent of our Saviour, and which the church of the same Saviour receives, although the Jews reject them."‡ "The Machabees," says the same Father, "are held for canonical by the church, though not by the Jews."§ "The

\* Thus among others, Ruffinus in his Exposition of the Creed, and Saint Athanasius in his 29th Festal Epistle.

† These words, in substance conformable to those of Ruffinus, are taken from St. Athanasius, Councils of Labbe and Cossart, Tome II., fol. 1709.

‡ St. Augustine in *Speculum*.

§ "Quorum supputatio temporum non in scripturis sanctis, quæ canonicæ (apud Judæos) appellantur, sed in aliis invenitur, in quibus sunt et Machabæo-

Hebrews," says St. Isidore, "receive twenty-two books of the Old Testament, dividing them into three classes, to wit, the Law, the Prophets, and the Hagiographa. With us there is a fourth class, namely, those books that are not in the Hebrew canon; which, although by the Hebrews placed among the Apocryphal writings, the Church of Christ honors and proclaims among the divine books."||

35. If the tradition of the synagogue were the only means for ascertaining the divinity of the books of the Old Testament, we must conclude that Divine Providence has not given to the church, ransomed by the blood of Jesus Christ, the Scriptures promulgated by his care; and that this church, which, in the words of that Scripture, has received all with Jesus, must go to search among her enemies for the knowledge of the writings wherein God has inscribed his will. Now does not the impiety of such a conclusion prove the falsity of the principle whence it necessarily flows? It is thus that Origen reasons in his Epistle to Julius Africanus, and his reasoning, adopted by Ruffinus in his works against St. Jerome, is confirmed by the care which Saints Cyril and Augustin take to remind the faithful of the first ages, that it was from the church they were to learn the books of the Old Testament, written by divine inspiration.¶

36. Let us add that the tradition of the Jews was by no means settled respecting the books it called divine, and in this much is therefore totally insufficient to give a sure and solid basis to the belief in their inspiration. Josephus contents himself with saying that these books were twenty-two in

rum libri, quos non Judæi sed Ecclesia pro canonicis habet." City of God, Book XVIII., chap. 36.

|| St. Isidore, Orig. lib. VI., cap. 1.

¶ St. Cyril, Catechesis IV., and St. Augustine, De doctrina Christiana, lib. II.

number, without transcribing their titles. The Jews of Jerusalem, whom Melito consulted, named to him the following: "Genesis, Exodus, Leviticus, Numbers, Deuteronomy, Jesus Nave, Judges, Ruth, four books of Kings, two books of Paralipomena, the Psalms of David, the Proverbs of Solomon, Wisdom, Ecclesiastes, the Canticle of Canticles, Job, Isaias, Jeremias, a book of twelve Prophets, Daniel, Ezechiel, and Esdras."\*

37. The Jews of Alexandria differed from those of Jerusalem in this, that they rejected Wisdom, but received Esther and Baruch, and likewise allowed authority to the books of Machabees. "The following are the twenty-two books according to the Hebrews," says Origen, in his commentary on the 1st Psalm, "The first is that we call Genesis, and the Hebrews, *Bresith*, that is to say, *In the beginning*. The second is Exodus, which the Hebrews call *Vellesmoth*, that is, *And these are the names*. The third is Leviticus, which the Hebrews term *Vaicra*, that is, *And he hath called*. The fourth is Numbers, which the Hebrews denominate *Ham-misphcodim*. The fifth Deuteronomy, called by the Hebrews, *Elle hab-daberim*, that is, being interpreted, *These are the words*. The sixth, Jesus, the son of Nave, in Hebrew, *Iehosue ben Nun*. The seventh, Judges and Ruth, which, among the Hebrews, form a single book, called *Sophetim*. The eighth, is the first and second of Kings, of which they make but one volume, named *Samuel*, that is to say, *The called of God*. The ninth, is the third and fourth of Kings, which they likewise join together in one volume, and call *Vammelech David*, that is, *King David*. The tenth, is the first and second of Paralipomena, which, also, they have comprised in a single volume, named *Dibre*

*Haiamin*, that is, *The words of the days*. The eleventh, is the first and second of Esdras, which among the Jews, make but one volume, entitled *Esra*, signifying, *The assistance*.—The twelfth, is the book of Psalms, in Hebrew, *Sepher Tehillim*. The thirteenth, the Prophecies of Solomon, in Hebrew, *Misloth*. The fourteenth, Ecclesiastes, in Hebrew, *Cohemoth*.—The fifteenth, the Canticle of Canticles, in the Hebrew, *Sir hasirin*. The sixteenth, Isaias, in Hebrew, *Iesaia*. The seventeenth, Jeremias, with the Lamentations and Epistle,† which with them form one volume called *Irmia*. The eighteenth, Daniel, which the Hebrews call by the same name. The nineteenth, Ezechiel, termed by the Hebrews, *Ieezechel*. The twentieth, Job, to which the Jews have given no other name. The twenty-first, Esther, which the Hebrews call by the same name.—And after all these,‡ the Machabees,§

† Namely, Baruch, which was extant in Hebrew in the first century, for the Septuagint version of this prophet, copied from the Hexapla of Origen, and preserved in a manuscript of the fifth century which belonged to Cardinal Chigi, contains the obeli and asterisks which show that the translators had more or less the Hebrew text before them. See Blanchini, Vind. canon. scrip. fol. 318.

‡ I have been obliged to translate thus, otherwise the number of 22 books, the enumeration of which is promised by Origen would not be complete. [How liable the copyists were to these omissions, appears from the copy of St. Epiphanius now before us, where not merely the number, as in the above case, but the name also is omitted. The passage reads as follows: "XXI., Esaias the Prophet, with his Lamentations and the Epistles of himself and Baruch," instead of correct reading given above, the number XXII. and the words Jeremias the Prophet, having been passed over by the transcriber or printer. Translator's Note.]

• § St. Jerome had seen the original

\* In Eusebius, Ecclesiastical History, book IV., chap. 36.



which have for title, *Sarbet Sarba-neel*.\*

The Jews of Syria differed from those of Jerusalem, in their receiving Esther, and allowing only a doubtful authority to Wisdom; and from those of Alexandria, by their ranking the Machabees among the concealed books, and neither absolutely rejecting Wisdom nor Ecclesiasticus. It is in this manner St. Epiphanius expresses himself, who, born of a Jewish family, could not be ignorant of the traditions of his old co-religionists. "The Jews," says this holy doctor, "had up to the time of their return from the captivity of Babylon, the following books and prophets: I. Genesis, II. Exodus, III. Leviticus, IV. Numbers, V. Deuteronomy, VI. The book of Jesus, the son of Nave, VII. Judges, VIII. Ruth, IX. Job, X. The Psalter, XI. The Proverbs of Solomon, XII. Ecclesiastes, XIII. The Canticle of Canticles, XIV. The first book of the Kingdoms, XV. The second book of the Kingdoms, XVI. The third book of the Kingdoms, XVII. The fourth book of the Kingdoms, XVIII. The first book of Paralipomena, XIX. The second book of Paralipomena, XX. The book of twelve Prophets, XXI. Esaias the Prophet, XXII. Jeremias the Prophet, with his Lamentations and the Epistles of himself and Baruch, XXIII. Iezechiel the Prophet, XXIV. Daniel

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Hebrew of the first book of Machabees, as he attests in his Prologue (Prologus galeatus.) If we may believe Bredow, it is still extant amongst the manuscripts of the public library of Hamburg. Vide G. G. Bredovi, *Dissertatio de Georgii Syncelli Chronographia*, at the beginning of the second volume of the edition of Syncellus, given at Bonn by Din-dorf.

\* The above is copied from Eusebius, *Ecclesiastical History*, book VI., chap. 25. For the Hebrew words we follow the transcription of Origen, as given by Eusebius.

the Prophet, XXV. The first book of Esdras, XXVI. The second book of Esdras, XXVII. The book of Esther. Now these are the twenty-seven books that were given by God to the Jews. But by them they are reckoned twenty-two according to the number of the Hebrew letters, ten of the books having been combined in five. But concerning these things we have elsewhere spoken plainly. There are also two other books of doubtful authority among them, the Wisdom of Sirach† (*Ecclesiasticus*) and that of Solomon, besides some other books considered apocryphal. All these sacred books inculcated Judaism and the observances of the Law, until the advent of our Lord Jesus Christ."

39. The Jewish authors present the same variety in their manner of using the sacred books. If some reject Wisdom, the Gemara on the other side ranks it among the Hagiographa, and Rabbi Moses Bar Nachmann quotes it as authority in the preface of his Commentary on the Law. If others look with contempt upon Ecclesiasticus, Josephus, on the other hand, venerates it as holy Scripture, and quotes it as such in the twenty-fourth section of his second book against Appion. This variation presents itself not merely in reference to the books that did not enjoy so great authority as others,‡ in consequence

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† The original Hebrew text of this work was still extant in the time of St. Jerome. In his Preface to the books of Solomon, this holy doctor says: "The Panaeretos (book of Allexcellence) of Jesus, the son of Sirach, also usually passes under his (Solomon's) name, and another book that has been falsely ascribed to him, which bears the title of the Wisdom of Solomon. The former of these I have found in the Hebrew, therein entitled the Parables, and not Ecclesiasticus, as it has been by the Latins. To this were joined Ecclesiastes and the Canticle of Canticles."

‡ The following are the words of Josephus: "Cæterum ab imperio Arta-

of the obscurity that enveloped the testimony the Prophets had rendered to them,\* but also in relation to the twenty-two books which Josephus declares "*are justly believed to be divine.*" From among the Jews from ancient times, there have been some who desired to retrench from this number Job, Proverbs, and Ecclesiastes;† and we learn from St. Jerome, that the Jews whom he had consulted rejected Baruch, which those of Egypt and Palestine admitted, the testimonies of whom as given above are copied by St. Athanasius, St. Cyril of Jerusalem, and the author of the canon inserted in the Council of Laodicea.‡

40. It stands therefore proved, that the tradition of the synagogue did not determine with sufficient precision the

xerxis ad nostram usque memoriam sunt quidem singula litteris mandata sed *nequaquam* TANTAM FIDEM et AUCTORITATEM meruerunt, QUANTAM superiores ii libri prophetæ quod minus explorata fuit traditio prophetarum."

\* This was in fact the testimony, which was the cause of the divinity of a work being known, or which served to ascertain it.

† See St. Jerome, Commentary on the twelfth chapter of Ecclesiastes, and the authors quoted at p. 51 of the work entitled, *Auctoritas utriusque libri Machabæorum canonica historica adserta*, Vienna, 1749, in 4to.

‡ As this council has been repeatedly mentioned by the author of the above dissertation, for the satisfaction of our readers we shall here subjoin its much talked of canon. The notoriety it has gained has arisen less from its own intrinsic merits, than from the use attempted to be made of it by the upholders of the Protestant mutilation of the sacred volume. Were it genuine, this canon could have no more force and extent than a provincial synod could give it, and cannot subserve the Protestant enumeration of the Scriptures, as it embraces Baruch and excludes the Apocalypse. But its authenticity is more than questionable, as may be seen from the reasons above adduced, and many oth-

books that were to be acknowledged as inspired, and that this tradition has never been considered as the rule of its faith by the primitive church, which, indeed, admitted into its canon some writings, which it rejected or supported but imperfectly. On the contrary, we have seen that this canon, such as it is published in the Council of Trent, is admitted by the Greek Church, and by the heretics that have been separated from the Catholic Church since the 5th century of our era, from whence we have concluded that its formation was anterior to this epoch. Again, in searching for the precise time at which it was first promulgated, we have deduced from the manner in which St. Athanasius expresses himself, and the totally opposite diction St. Augustine makes use of, the well

ers equally cogent. Council of Laodicea, in Phrygia, A. D., 372, canon 60th. "These are the books that are to be read from the Old Testament, I. Genesis, II. Exodus, that is, the departure out of Egypt, III. Leviticus, IV. Numbers, V. Deuteronomy, VI. Jesus, the son of Nave, VII. Judges and Ruth, VIII. Hester, IX. first and second of Kingdoms, X. third and fourth of Kingdoms, XI. first and second of Paralipomena, XII. first and second of Esdras, XIII. the book of 150 Psalms, XIV. the Proverbs of Solomon, XV. Ecclesiastes, XVI. the Canticle of Canticles, XVII. Job, XVIII. the twelve Prophets, XIX. Esaias, XX. Jeremias and Baruch, Lamentations and Epistles, XXI. Ezechiel, XXII. Daniel. Also those of the New Testament: The four Gospels, according to Matthew, according to Mark, according to Luke, according to John. The Acts of the Apostles. The seven Catholic Epistles, to wit, one of James, two of Peter, three of John, and one of Jude. Fourteen Epistles of Paul; one to the Romans, two to the Corinthians, one to the Galatians, one to the Ephesians, one to the Philippians, one to the Colossians, two to the Thessalonians, one to the Hebrews, two to Timothy, one to Titus, and one to Philemon." Mansi. Conc. Coll., Tom' II' fol' 574,

grounded conclusion, that this first publication by legitimate authority must be referred to the short interval which separates these two great doctors.

41. Among the ecclesiastical monuments of this period, we have found that the decree ascribed by the majority of modern authors to Gelasius, but which we have shown, by the authority of manuscripts, and that of the most ancient canonists, to be of Damasus, is in possession of, and combines the qualities, which this first authentic declaration of the faith of the church ought to possess. And in thus fixing upon the latter half of the 4th century as the time at which all the books of our canon have definitively received canonicity, we have thereby established the divinity

of these books with great force against Protestants. For it is impossible, according to our adversaries themselves, to suppose that in "*ages of light*," the tradition of the teaching of Jesus was already altered, or otherwise greatly obscured.

42. This consequence drawn from the whole of our dissertation was the principal end we proposed to ourself in the commencement. Having attained this end we shall here interrupt our labor, purposing to resume it on another occasion, when we shall bring it to its completion, by tracing the chain of traditions which, in each of the Apostolic and principal churches, establish the testimony that Jesus Christ and his Apostles have rendered to each of the books rejected by the Protestants. W. E. M'C.

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FOR THE CATHOLIC EXPOSITOR.

## HORÆ VAGABUNDÆ.—OR, HOURS OF TRAVEL.

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BY THE REV. CHARLES CONSTANTINE PISE, D. D.

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It is already known to our readers that Dr. Pise is now in Europe; and we are sure of affording satisfaction to all, when we state, that it is his intention to commit to paper whatever he may deem worthy of notice, and that we are permitted to make public these observations through the pages of the *Expositor*. There can be but one opinion of the doctor's ability to render these letters worthy of general attention.

### THE PASSAGE.

The affairs of St. Peter's Church of New-York, rendering it necessary for some agent to be sent to Ireland and other parts of Europe, the mission devolved on me; and, on the 11th of August, I set sail in the magnificent steamer, the *Great Western*,

under the command of a skilful and intrepid commander, Captain Hoskins. Precisely at one o'clock, P. M., the appointed hour, she left the wharf, and commenced her course across the ocean. Three peals of her cannon burst on the waters, as she passed the North Carolina, the *Gomer*, and the *Warspite*, then lying at anchor in



the stream. The day was rainy, the trees on the Battery were drenched but verdant, and the immense city, withdrawing apparently from my gaze, looked gloomy in the distance. The great ship went forward in gallant style, though the winds were ahead, and, ere the day was done, the hills of my native land dwindled away and sank amid the mist of the past.

In a passage over the Atlantic, there is little to interest the reader. Though doomed, as usual, to incessant sickness, I was truly fortunate in meeting among the passengers, some distinguished gentlemen, and delightful companions; of whom, I am proud to be able to name the French ambassador, M. de Barcourt, formerly private secretary to Talleyrand, a most amiable and accomplished personage; Ralph Lockwood, Esq., the Marquis de Saint Paul, and his elegant father. With these gentlemen, principally the intervals between my periods of sea-sickness were spent, and the friendship we contracted will, as far, at least, as my heart is concerned, be enduring and perpetual.

On the 23d of August, early in the morning, the bold coasts of Ireland were in sight. The weather which, during the entire passage had been disagreeable and almost wintry, now, of a sudden, became light and vernal; and it would be difficult to conceive a more lovely sail than ours, along that famous coast, until we came abreast of the Cove of Cork. It was now about four o'clock; and, in compliance with my wish, the captain was on the look-out for an opportunity to set me ashore. His conduct, on this occasion, was extremely kind. A man was stationed on the mast-top, and a signal was hoisted, to procure a fishing-boat. For a long time, none was to be seen, and my chance of landing here seemed almost hopeless. At length, however, a smack appeared making out towards us. I was warned to get in readiness. The

boat was prepared. I was placed in her, let down upon the surface of the ocean, and safely rowed by four stout sailors, to

#### THE HOOKER.\*

It was a fearful thing to find myself adrift from the great ship, and tossed, in an open boat, upon the foaming billows. She rode them gallantly, and, in a short time, I stepped into the fishing-boat, which was ready to receive me.

This rude bark was manned by five weather-beaten and rugged fishermen. The wind raised up its voice, and the deep its waves. The spray dashed in upon me, and, had I not revealed to the leader that I was a priest, thoroughly should I have been drenched by the cold sea-brine.

"You are a priest, your reverence," he exclaimed; "God bless your reverence, and welcome to the Victory." This was the name of his craft. "Your reverence has got into the fastest boat about here—and, with the blessing of God and the Virgin Mary, the safest." Then taking off his own thick, rough india-rubber jacket—"and wrap this about you, your reverence, and you'll be dry till we get to the shore, which will be in an hour, in the name of God."

In effect, the hour had scarcely expired, when we entered the beautiful harbor of Cove, and I found myself, in safety and good health, treading, once more, on the firm earth. I was on the hallowed shores of Erin—an island, about which, for me, from my earliest boyhood, there had lingered a charm, which nothing could ever break. I paused—and, as I cast my eyes around the green hills and yellow valleys, I involuntarily bade them all hail!

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\* This is the name given here to the fishing-boat.

## COVE.

The Bay of Cove is famed as a safe harbor, and, with justice, claims as its motto :

“Statio bene fida carinis.”

Abstracting from the nature of its hills, so verdant and richly cultivated, the eye might fancy itself ranging over a pretty miniature of the glorious bay of New-York. The town itself does not present an agreeable sight, at first, to the American stranger : it has the appearance of a pile of ancient and irregular buildings, sombre and steep—for it rises on the declivity of a mountain. But when more closely viewed, it improves exceedingly. The beach is handsomely built upon, and affords an agreeable and salubrious residence. Here, many of the wealthy families from Cork, are accustomed to spend the summer months. The place is very lively. Steamers are plying up and down the Lee, every hour ; and yachts are constantly dancing on the cheerful waters. A regatta, which was going on at this time, rendered it more pleasant than usual, as the beach was crowded with fashionable visitors, lined with sumptuous equipages, and enlivened with a band of excellent music.

On landing here, my luggage was taken care of by the police, and locked up in the custom-house : so that it was necessary to pass the night at Cove. I was shown to a hotel—but, to my great astonishment, was informed that there was not a bed in the house that had not already been bespoken. The landlord, however, interested himself for me, and procured tolerably good lodgings in one of his neighbor's houses.

The next morning, accompanied by an officer who watched over my trunks, I proceeded to the little iron steamer, called the “Queen,”—a graceful, though not a swift boat—and started up

## THE RIVER LEE.

I do not exaggerate, when I style the scenery on this river the *beau ideal* of the beautiful and the picturesque. I am not writing under the influence of novelty, or the inspirations of fancy. I take into my hand the pencil of truth, and delineate and sketch what really presents itself before my eye. In reality, then, it may be asserted, that it would be difficult to find in any region a prospect more lovely than this, at the present season of the year—the middle of August. No where could fields be seen more intensely green, harvests, no where so golden in hue, and so luscious in nature. No where villas more elegant, or more romantically situated. No where a clearer stream, more gently meandering through a fairy country.

Amongst the noble edifices that arise on these banks, are several chapels and monasteries, which are easily discerned and recognized by the crosses with which they are topped. Of the monasteries, that of the Ursulines is the grandest and most spacious. It is, indeed, an immense pile ; its grounds are very elegantly laid out and ornamented, and its situation, contiguous to the river, is salubrious and pleasing. The members of this institution are famed for their own accomplishments—most of them being of the first Catholic families and splendidly educated—and their success in training up young ladies in all the refinements and elegancies of high life, and imbuing their tender hearts with virtue and religion.

The most beautiful chapel, is that of the bishop—a Grecian temple, built of limestone, and destined to be decorated with a portico of six columns, but which, for want of means, is unfortunately unfinished. The interior of this chapel is truly rich and in excellent taste. The new chapel of Father Mathew, likewise on the

banks of the river, remains, too, for the same reason, in an incomplete condition. This is of the Gothic order: the only one of that style in Cork. It is, as far as it goes, exquisitely beautiful—and, when finished, will add another leaf to the chaplet of immortal fame, which that great man has justly earned.

Some of the handsomest villas belong to the family of the Murphy's: of whom, it is but just to say, that they are not only the wealthiest, but also, the most exemplary and generous Catholics in this part of Ireland.

The time taken by the steamer to reach Cork from Cove, was about an hour and a quarter—the distance, I believe, of fourteen miles—I left the latter place at half past nine, A. M., and arrived a quarter before eleven, at the city of my destination.

#### CORK.

I am not writing a book of travels, and, therefore, have no intention of entering into a historic or minute description of this ancient city. My "first impressions"—and these necessarily, like all others, superficial—are all that the reader must expect from me. When the steamer neared the dock, the entire range of the wharf was crowded with a very motley set of people, male and female; most of them having the appearance of idlers and beggars. To force one's way through this mass was no easy matter. But having succeeded, the officer proceeded with my luggage to the custom house, through which, after a good deal of delay, it was permitted to pass. I then bent my way to the Victoria hotel, which was recommended to me by a country parish priest who was on board the steamer. I was pleased with the appearance of this hotel. The landlord is a Catholic and a patriot, by the name of M'Cormick, and seems to make the convenience and comfort

(at least, so I found it) of his guests, a particular study and duty. As soon as he knew me to be a priest, he had one of the best rooms prepared for me, and the servants all vied with one another in their offices of attendance. The system and arrangement of the hotel is more French than American. You engage a room, for which you pay one shilling and sixpence per day, and are charged only for the meals you take in the house. A much more reasonable and just system, it strikes me, than ours, by which, if you enter your name in the books of a hotel, you are equally charged, whether you dine within its walls or not. The hours, besides, are precisely French—breakfast about nine, and dinner at six o'clock—this custom pervades all good society here.

The principal street, Patrick street, which is wide and lined with good-looking buildings, struck me favorably. The Grand Parade is also an excellent and pleasant street—so is Great George street. The Dyke is beautiful. Several other parts of the city are agreeable enough—all generally well paved with side-walks of stone—but the alleys are miserable, dirty, and narrow, and crowded with wretched inhabitants. Indeed the streets in general, present any thing but an inviting appearance. They are filled with ragged men, and bare-footed women: and, at every corner, the passer-by is assailed by the woful lament of some starving mendicant.

Still, there is much style in Cork. Elegant equipages may be seen rolling through squalid streets, and the height of fashion and beauty is blended with the extreme of misery and deformity. This must, however, be said in respect to the by-streets generally; not so much with regard to those of business or promenade. And it must also be remarked, that the greater part of the higher and wealthier classes reside in the *fauxbourgs*,



which are very beautiful. It has been said of Cork, somewhat in the style of "Paddy," *that the handsomest part of the town is out of the city.*

The greater portion, by far, of the population are Catholics: the people are extremely devoted to their religion. The chapels, as they are called, are mostly small and inelegant. There are, in each, many masses every Sunday, from six, until one o'clock. Seldom a high mass is sung, and no sermons (except charity sermons, which occur almost every fortnight) are preached during the summer months. The charity sermons generally commence at half past two o'clock, P. M. Tickets of invitation are sent to the different families, for whom places are reserved.\* There are no prayers, and no hymns, before or after the discourse. But, more of these particulars hereafter.

The gentleman who first visited me at the hotel, was one whom I shall ever remember with lively gratitude, and hearty friendship—the Reverend James O'Sullivan, Curate of Carey's Lane Chapel. Having been informed by the landlord, that an American priest was within his walls, that excellent and amiable clergyman lost no time to call on me, and welcome me to the land of hospitality. There soon arose a sympathy between us, and he very kindly invited me to join a party of clergymen at dinner, at his house. This invitation opened the doors of Cork to me, I may say with truth: and to the assiduous attentions of Mr. O'Sullivan, I feel myself indebted for the delightful days I passed in that city, and for the success, such as it was, with which my exertions were crowned. He is a universal favorite—of calm and agreeable manners, and great experience

in the world, joining a social and festive disposition with the dignity and self-respect of a priest. I take peculiar pleasure in thus publicly returning him my warmest thanks for the generous hospitality which he extended to me for nearly a month under his own roof. Amongst the other clergymen of Cork, I feel myself under lasting obligations to the Rev. Father Brennan, O. S. F., and the Rev. George Shehan, both high-minded men, and exemplary priests. In specifying these, however, I must not omit to say that all of them whom I met, received me with cordiality and respect, and showed themselves favorable to the undertaking for which I came to Ireland.

Through the kindness of Mr. O'Sullivan, I was presented to the Bishop of Cork, the Right Rev. Dr. Murphy, to whom I delivered a letter of introduction. With marked attention he received me: and, the following day, I had the honor of joining a party of the clergy at his table. The Prelate is upwards of seventy years of age; but hale and healthy. He is low of stature, but well-built, with a fulness of chest which indicates strength and longevity. His house is a perfect curiosity. Every room, from the top to bottom, is lined with books, for which he has an insatiable passion. His library, which he is enlarging daily, already consists of a hundred thousand volumes, and is the most extensive private library in Europe.

Dr. Murphy did not much encourage me in the first instance. He has pledged himself to the association for the propagation of faith in Ireland, not to give his name or countenance publicly to any collection for other purposes.† The demands, moreover,

\* My observation here, has convinced me more than ever of the advantage of pews as they exist in our own churches.

† This association sends out of Cork annually many thousand pounds. The O'Connell tribute amounts to one thousand pounds.

home, are urgent and frequent. Two thousand persons belonging to his congregation, he assured me, do not know where to get their dinners from day to day: three chapels stand in an unfinished condition, for want of means. The Primate had just been here on a similar business. Every month there are clergymen from various parts collecting funds, the clergy of the city themselves, having no fixed and regular salaries, are obliged to gather the chapel dues, as they are styled, *ostyatem*. All these difficulties were forcibly, and justly urged by the Bishop. Still, he was not unwilling that an effort might be made: and to this end, he proposed that I should bring myself before the people by preaching a charity sermon: which was accordingly done, and which I will hereafter refer to.

The clergy, though harrassed with the numberless calls that are made in Cork by passing priests, showed me, I must say, the politest attention, and expressed their best wishes for my success. But they are poor—and “charity always begins at home.” For their good-will, however, I return them my sincere thanks. There are among their number gentlemen of renowned learning and eloquence; particularly the Very Rev. Dean O’Keffe, and Father Russell, of the Dominican Convent. But there is no one either in Ireland or any other part of Europe, who has won for himself such a wide and glorious reputation, as

FATHER THEOBALD MATHEW.

The eagerness with which I longed to be personally acquainted with this wonderful man, led me to enquire after him, as soon as possible: and I had a favorable opportunity of meeting him, as I held a letter of introduction to him. Accompanied by Mr. O’Sullivan, I betook myself to his dwelling; an humble house situ-

ated in an obscure part of the city, near the convent of Capuchins which was built by the immortal Father O’Leary. At the entrance were numbers of poor, and sick men and women—and of others who were waiting to take the tee-total pledge. On the right was a small room, which serves as a kind of office, where a book is kept, in which the names of all his disciples are registered. In that room we found the “Apostle of Temperance,” surrounded with several candidates for the pledge who were on their knees. And here it may not be amiss to remark, that the pledge is never given as in the United States, in the chapels, nor in the sacerdotal vestments. This would not here be tolerated. And I must not fail to add, that there are no tee-totalers among the clergy. Nor do they, as far as I have been able to learn, entertain very sanguine hopes with regard to the final result of this great movement, which all admit has done infinite good. The clergy are the true, staunch, and only friends of the people, and ardent, enthusiastic lovers of their beautiful country. No wonder, then, that they exercise so powerful an influence. The poor peasantry are oppressed by their hard-hearted landlords. And these are restrained by no other motive than the dread of the clergy. The people know this—and look up to the priests as their only supporters, and on this account, would, if necessary lay down their lives for them.

As to Father Matthew, it is little to say that he is almost adored throughout Ireland. He can scarcely walk the streets of Cork, he is so followed and saluted by rich as well as poor. In his person are combined with “curious felicity,” the blindest and most elegant manners, with a high-toned and gentlemanly reserve. He is equally courteous to all. Addresses all in terms of affection, and shows peculiar interest for the lowest of the

people. He seems ever engaged in works of beneficence and charity. The alleviation of the hardships of the laboring classes engrosses his attention. He is now exerting his influence to abolish night-work among the bakers. With this view he has called in person upon the leading characters, and caused public meetings to be held.

Another subject to which he is devoted, is the innocent amusement of those who have taken the pledge. In order to fill up their hours of leisure, which formerly were disgraced by ebriety and broils he has substituted bands of music to the bottle. In all towns and villages he has, frequently at his own expense, established these, and it is remarkable how well this ingenious and benevolent scheme has succeeded. But his exertions do not confine themselves to the living—they reach even to the dead. He has founded a cemetery, which may compare, on a small scale, with *Père le Chaise*. It is situated in the suburbs of the city, and was originally a botanical garden. A more suitable and beautiful spot could not have been selected. The grounds are covered with shrubbery, and thickly shaded with trees, so distributed as to hang over the walks, and spread around a sombre shade. Many noble monuments, peeping from the clustering foliage, salute the passer-by. My eye fell upon one erected to the memory of an American lady. But incomparably the most elegant is that which covers the remains of a Mr. Murphy:—it is the work of the immortal Hogan. The reclining angel watching over the sacred spot, is an exquisite performance, and would not be unworthy of a Thorwaldson or a Canova. I have seen a bust of Father Matthew by the same sculptor, which is admirable as a likeness as well as a masterly piece of workmanship.

In wandering through such a ceme-

tery, there is experienced I know not what kind of soothing melancholy. Knowing what our inevitable destiny is—that after all, we are one day, to lie down on the bosom of the earth in the solemn sleep of death—we feel as though it would be a great relief and solace to be placed at rest amid the flowers and foliage of such a spot as this! What a contrast between these green alleys and shady promenades, and the parched and sandy grave-yards of another land! This cemetery, independently of all the subsequent glory he has obtained, would have been sufficient to give immortality to the memory and fame of Father Matthew.

#### THE MAYOR.

Thomas Lyons, Esq., is the first Catholic mayor of Cork, since the days of James I. The fact of electing him to the high office he fills, proves that the Catholic people are beginning to rise again from their lowly condition, and to assert their rights. There is a *movement* through Ireland, which, if I mistake not, will be felt, some day or another, with tremendous effect. So long ground down to the dust, they find themselves now able to raise up their heads, and respire freer, fresher air. May they inhale it deeply and fully while they can—and wo to the power that would dare to taint it hereafter!

Mr. Lyons is a true Catholic, and a very amiable personage. Few men, in his situation, can be found with more simple and unassuming manners; whilst at the same time, he is energetic and impartial in the fulfilment of his official duties. I had the honor of dining and breakfasting with him, at the Mansion house. This is the residence of the mayor of Cork. A spacious but not very elegant building, beautifully situated, however, and richly furnished. In a niche over the grand stair-case, stands an excel-



lent statue of the Earl of Chatham, represented in the act of addressing the House of Lords. The lightning seems to be flashing from his eyes, whilst on his brow is collected a dark frown—a stormy cloud from which the thunder breaks on an astounded world. Perhaps he is warning the British Senate against the evils of carrying on a war with America. Perhaps he is “knocking at the doors of a sleeping ministry, and rousing them to a sense of their important duty.” At any rate, the mighty statesman and orator is there in all the grandeur of his elevation—a noble study for the sculptor and the politician.

The term of Mr. Lyons has nearly expired. And if the people do not divide on the question of repeal, there is no doubt but he will be succeeded by a Catholic gentleman, who will be an honor to the nation, as he is the edification of his church.

#### CLIFTON AND BELLEVILLE.

These are the villas of two of the Murphys, brothers of the venerable Bishop. They are delightfully situated on the heights of the river Lee: and are celebrated for the lofty style, and princely hospitality of their proprietors. At both I was fortunate enough to be entertained: and with truth I may assert, that it has never been my lot to be cast among more courteous men, and amiable, pious ladies, than the members of these families. Their nephew is the member of Parliament for Cork; and is the brother of Father Murphy, Rector of the College of Jesuits in Kentucky. Rarely can so many splendid qualities be discovered blended together in one individual as we find in this gentleman. A member of Parliament, a Sergeant, (the first Catholic for more than two hundred years,) an unrivalled scholar, convivial, witty, polished, and withal, proud of the name of

Catholic; he is an honor to his country, and an ornament of his religion. Were the *bonmots* which fell from his lips during the few hours I spent in his society, to be collected and published, they would be worthy of any wit—not only for their impromptu effect, but also their classical and polished character. I will merely record one. His uncle brought out at table some bottles of old and new Claret, which was much admired. He observed that this wine was a present from a particular friend, who had since died. “Really,” exclaimed the Sergeant, “*post mortem claret!*” The learned Serjeant, I am informed, is involved in no trifling manner, in the celebrated “Prout Papers.”

#### HIGH MASSES IN CORK.

I attended two high masses: one at the Augustinian Convent, of which Father Cronin is superior, and the other sung pontifically by the Bishop, at the Church of Saint Finbarr, on the festival of that Saint, who was the first Bishop of Cork. The panegerick of St. Augustine was preached, in the former, by Father Rupel, that of St. Finbarr, by the Rev. Mr. O'Shea. Both are eloquent men, the one excels in pathos, and the other in ardor and fancy.

The music in both churches was plain and not well executed. We far surpass the Corkonians in church music.

At both of these celebrations, the Chapels were crowded almost to suffocation. Even in the Sanctuary, there were seats for laymen—and ladies were not excluded. All, however, appeared attentive to the sacred ceremonies, and even devout. The grounds around the church of St. Finbarr were likewise entirely covered with persons who could not obtain admittance. Here, as usual, the awful contrast strikes the stranger between the equipages and the squal-

lid wretchedness to be seen at the Chapel gates, and I cannot but confess, that the sensitive heart must sicken at the mournful deprecations of beggars which resound through the crowd on these festal occasions.

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FOR THE CATHOLIC EXPOSITOR.

## THE MEMORY OF MY MOTHER.

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BY NICHOLAS J. KEEFE.

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### I.

Lonely and darkly that form is now sleeping,  
 Whose image is greenly enshrined in my breast,  
 The night winds are now her sad requiem keeping,  
 And mournfully sigh o'er the place of her rest.

### II.

Cold now is that heart whose ev'ry emotion,  
 Bore the impress of love and constancy too ;  
 Where met all the virtues, in purest devotion,  
 And offer'd a worship unsullied and true.

### III.

Deep, deep in my heart is the fond recollection,  
 Of the love of a mother, unchanging and warm,  
 Which kindled the more with intenser devotion,  
 As dark round my path rose adversity's storm.

### IV.

Oh ! where is the pencil can paint with true feeling,  
 The depth of a mother's unfaltering love ;  
 'Tis a heavenly spark, all brightly revealing  
 The truth and the fervency shining above.

### V.

'Tis a gem that illumines this land of probation—  
 'Tis a link to unite this dark earth with the skies ;  
 Of divinity's self 'tis a bright emanation,  
 And deep in the soul its sincerity lies.

VI.

Oh ! where is the heart whose sweetest sensation,  
Is felt not, when mem'ry reviewing the past,  
Calls up the affection which knew no mutation,  
That burn'd on nnceasing, unchang'd to the last.

VII.

As low o'er the grave of a mother we're bending,  
The mirror of conscience is held to our mind,  
Oh ! then what a sorrow our bosom is rending,  
If a word is discover'd, e'en a whisper unkind.

VIII.

How we long to recall the loved form which is sleeping,  
'Mid the night of the tomb where no star-light appears,  
And fain would we pierce the dark grave with our weeping,  
To awaken the dead to witness our tears.

IX.

Our tears of contrition for words lightly spoken,  
For love unrequited or coldly return'd ;  
For hopes which we caused to be cruelly broken,  
For counsel rejected or silently spurn'd.

X.

Thus do I feel when the sad spot I am viewing,  
Which marks out a mother's cold, silent retreat,  
While with repentant tears her grave I'm bedewing,  
And asking forgiveness at mercy's own seat.

XI.

Oh ! I feel if the sleep of the dead could be broken,  
And a voice from the tomb by sorrow be won,  
These words I would hear in tenderness spoken,  
"Thou'rt freely forgiven, my sorrowing son."

XII.

Dear shade of my mother ! may blessings eternal,  
Be thine to inherit in mansions above ;  
And may pleasures be thine unfading and vernal,  
In God's holy kingdom of glory and love.



## HYMNS OF THE ROMAN BREVIARY,

*(Translated expressly for the Catholic Expositor.)*

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BY THE REV. CHARLES CONSTANTINE PISE, D. D.

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AT TRICE.

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Nunc Sancte nobis Spiritus, etc.

## I.

Holy Spirit, thou but ONE  
With the Father and the Son,  
Deign to shed thy influence blest,  
Promptly, throughout every breast.

## II.

Then the mouth, the tongue, the mind,  
Sense and strength, will be combined  
To confess thy holy name  
Warmed with love's celestial flame.

## III.

Grant this, Father most benign,  
Grant it, only Son divine,  
With the Holy Ghost, who reign  
Through eternity—Amen.

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AT SEXT.

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Rector potens, Verax Deus, etc.

## I.

Ruler Almighty, God most True,  
Whose will creation's laws obey,  
Thou kindlest up the morning's glow,  
And firest with light the noon of day.

## II.

Extinguish all contention's flames,  
 All noxious heat afar remove,  
 Upon our bodies health bestow,  
 To all our hearts give peace and love.

## III.

Grant this, O Father, most benign,  
 Grant it, the Father's only Son,  
 Who with the Holy Spirit reign  
 The same eternally and ONE.

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 AT NONE.
 

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Rerum Deus, tenax vigor, etc.

## I.

O God! the enduring principle  
 Of all that is—secured from change  
 Within thyself—thou guidest on  
 The day-hours in their brilliant range.

## II.

Upon our evening shed thy light,  
 That Life may never cease to shine;  
 But endless glory may prevail—  
 The guerdon of thy death divine.

## III.

This gift, benignant Father, grant,  
 Grant it, the Father's only Son,  
 Who, with the Holy Spirit live  
 And reign eternally but ONE.

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 BOOKS, ETC.
 

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*Models of English Literature, for the use of Colleges and Academies.* John Murphy, Baltimore. Sold by E. Dunigan, 151 Fulton-street, New-York.

It has long been matter of reasonable regret, with Catholic parents and teachers, that the books in common use in our schools should be so imbued

with sectarianism that much that is evil must necessarily be sown with the seeds of knowledge in the youthful mind. See, for instance, almost any class-book, from "The New England Primer" to the tales of "Peter Parley."—But we are happy to see that an effort has, at length, been made to remedy this evil, by the publication of the "*Models of English Literature*," an excellent book of extracts from some of the best authors of this country and of Europe; in which, while Christian morality is taught in almost every page, the differences, unhappily existing among Christians, is never glanced at.—We hope, that its ready reception into our schools, will prove to its compilers that their very useful labors are appreciated as they should be.

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*Flowers of Piety.* E. Dunigan, 151 Fulton-street, New-York.

This is a beautiful and most appropriate title for a book of devotion; for prayers—the offerings of the heart at the shrine of Religion—are, indeed, the *Flowers of Piety*, as good works are the fruits, both springing from the seeds of grace planted by the Almighty in the breasts of his creatures. The *Flowers*, which Mr. Dunigan has here presented to the Catholic public, have been culled with great care, and arranged with the utmost taste; or, in other words, the paper, type, plates and binding, of this little volume, are in admirable keeping; and we should think it a far more commendable gift, from a Christian parent to his child, than many of those expensive, but ephemeral things, published annually as Holiday Presents.

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*Harry Layden.* Published by H. Boyle, 121 Fulton-street, and for sale at E. Dunigan's, 151 Fulton-street.

A highly interesting, and in many passages of its action, thrilling tale of real life, has just been issued from the press with the above title. In this announcement, the readers of the *Catholic Expositor* will recognize an old and agreeable acquaintance with whom they have passed some moments of moral, social, gay, didactic, and, haply, philosophical enjoyment, (for *Harry Layden* was capable of introducing and rendering acceptable "each and every" of these topics) through the pages of this periodical in which he spoke and acted at successive times. These are now collected in the more interesting form of a book, well got up under the author's own supervision, and present a graphic, truthful, and agreeable study. Of the motive of the work we must say it is that of a mind well read in the knowledge of mankind, and of our theatre of action—the world; and well directed and toned by a benevolent spirit and sound judgment.

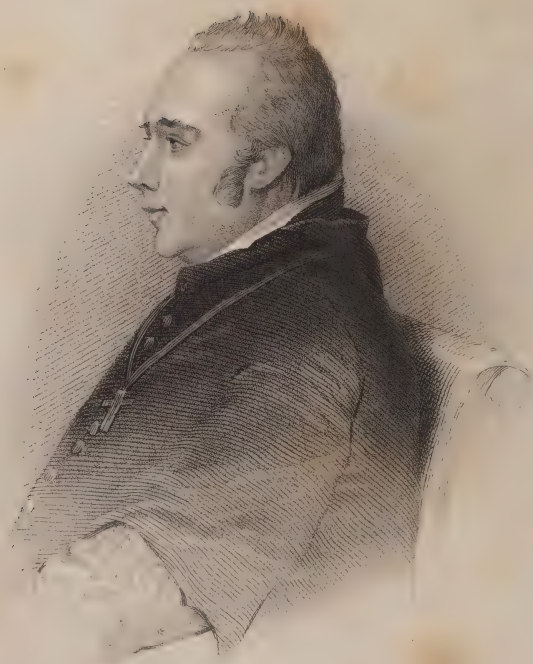
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#### ERRATA.

In our last number, through mistake of the printer, an error was committed by saying *to rank*, in place of *NOT to rank*, in the article of Dr. Pise, p. 57.







RT. REV. JOHN ENGLAND, D.D.





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